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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

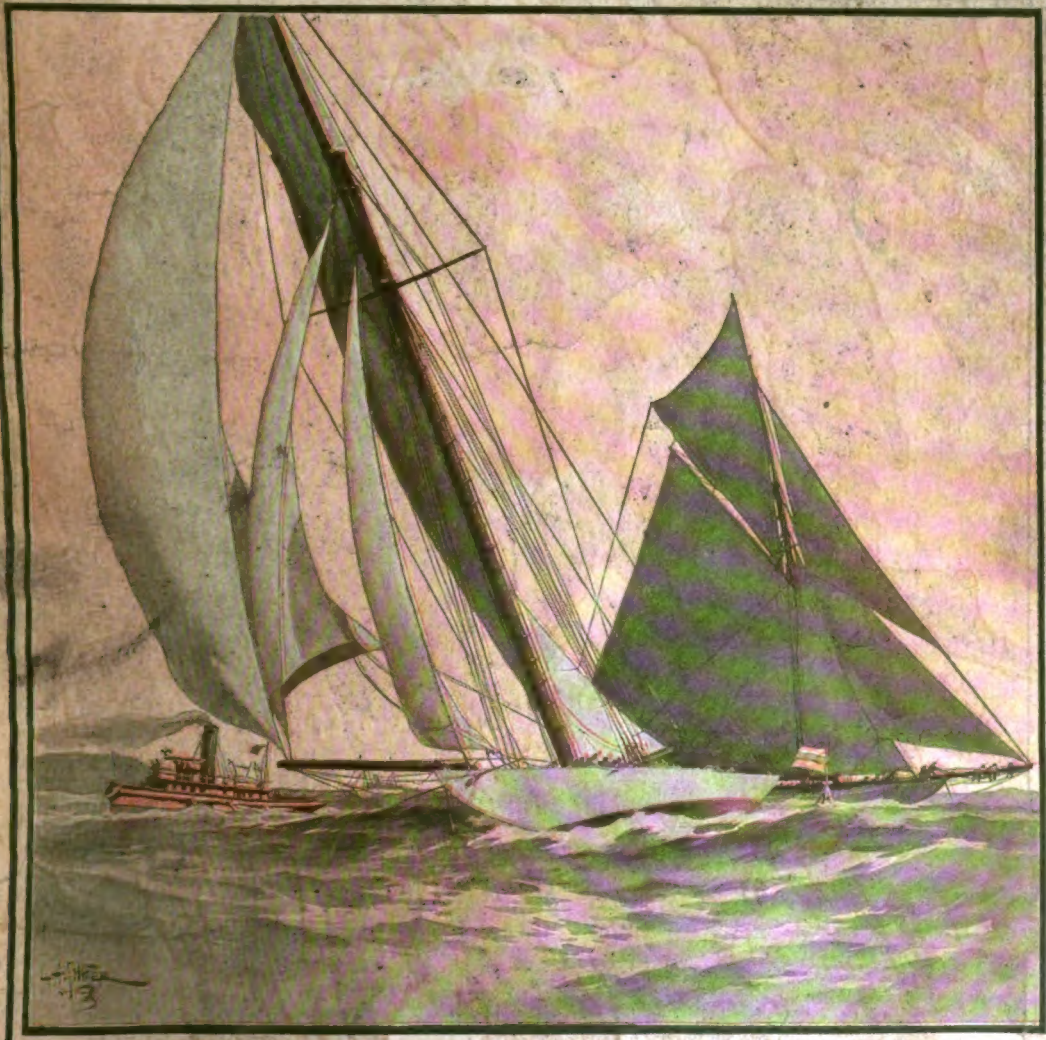

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"'I'M GOING A-MARKETING, SIR,' SHE SAID."

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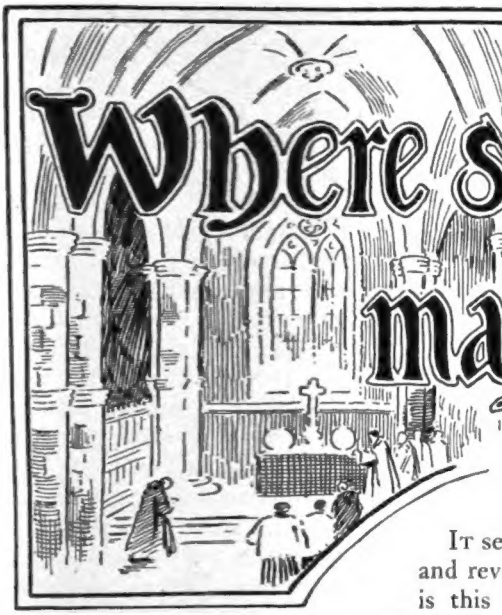
Where sacred relics may be found.

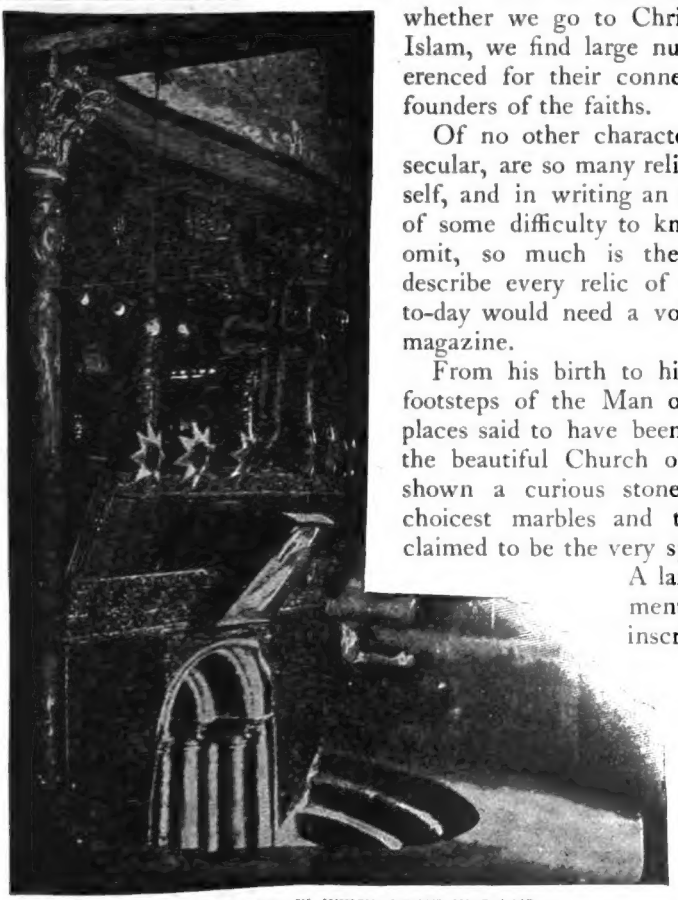


By Walter Florence.

It seems to be instinctive to human nature to preserve and reverence relics of the great and good. Particularly is this true in connection with religious matters, and whether we go to Christianity, or to Buddhism, or to Islam, we find large numbers of objects which are reverenced for their connection, supposed or real, with the founders of the faiths.

Of no other character in history, whether sacred or secular, are so many relics preserved as of our Lord himself, and in writing an article of this kind, it is a matter of some difficulty to know what to include and what to omit, so much is there that deserves mention. To describe every relic of the Saviour which is preserved to-day would need a volume ten times the size of this magazine.

From his birth to his Ascension we may follow the footsteps of the Man of Galilee by visiting the many places said to have been hallowed by his presence. In the beautiful Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is shown a curious stone grotto, now covered with the choicest marbles and the costliest drapery, which is claimed to be the very spot upon which Christ was born. A large silver star let into the pavement beneath the altar bears the Latin inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" ("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary"). In the grotto, but hidden by the beautiful marble coverings, is the manger in which, according to tradition, the Infant Saviour was laid by his mother when no room could be found for them in the inn.



THE MANGER IN WHICH CHRIST WAS LAID.
It is kept in the Grotto where Christ was born.

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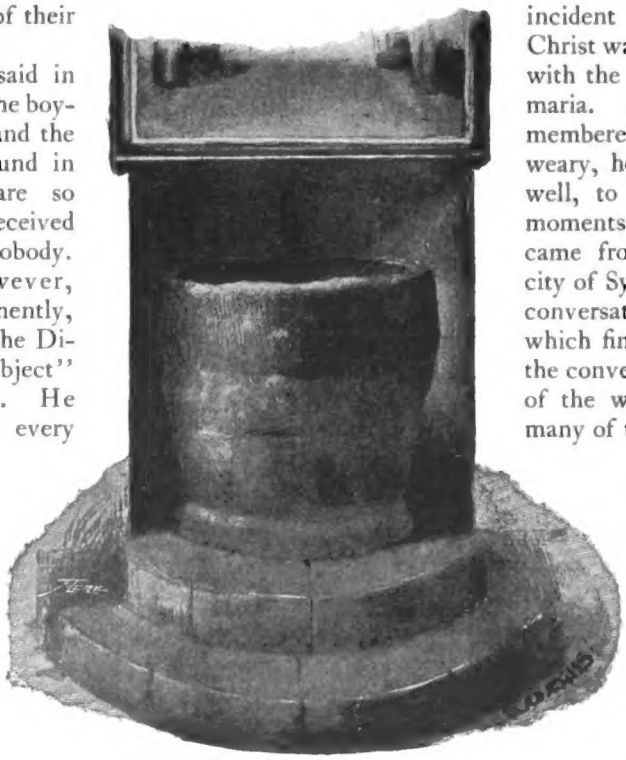
Our illustration of the manger is from a photograph which has, we believe, never before been published.

Another relic which is said to have been associated with the infant life of our Lord is jealously treasured in a church of southern Italy. It is nothing less than a pap-spoon and dish used by the Virgin Mary in feeding her holy Babe. The spoon and dish are never shown to the public, and it is, therefore, impossible to give any idea of their appearance.

Very little is said in the Bible about the boyhood of Christ, and the few traditions found in other records are so vague as to be received as accurate by nobody. One fact, however, stands out prominently, and that is that the Divine Boy was "subject" to his parents. He obeyed them in every detail as no son ever obeyed his parents before or since, and we may believe that he took a large share of the labors in his father's workshop. A very ancient and interesting building is shown in the quiet little town of Nazareth, which is said to be the identical workshop of Joseph. Like most of the different scenes of our Lord's life on earth, the workshop has been restored and decorated out of all recognition. The old form of the building is gone, and as it stands it is safe to say that it bears little, if any, resemblance to its former self.



THE WATERPOT OF CANA.

This jar held some of the water that Christ turned to wine at the marriage of Cana.

One of the earliest incidents which we have recorded of our Lord's ministry is the turning of the water into wine at Cana in Galilee. On the site of the house where the marriage is said to have taken place stands a Greek Church, and its greatest treasure is an old earthenware pot which, it is claimed, is one of the vessels used by our Lord for his first miracle. Above the jar is a beautiful painting of the incident referred to, and a golden lamp which hangs near the spot throws a perpetual light upon the earthenware vessel.

Another well-known incident in the life of Christ was his encounter with the woman of Samaria. It will be remembered that, being weary, he sat upon the well, to which, a few moments later, a woman came from the adjacent city of Sychar. A long conversation followed, which finally resulted in the conversion, not only of the woman, but of many of the Samaritans.

A watering-place near the site of ancient Sychem, or Shechem, is pointed out as the well referred to in the Bible. It has a rugged stone approach, and is in a very dilapidated condition. The actual cistern is about eighty feet deep, but although in the rainy season it fills rapidly, the well often runs dry in the summer. Thousands of pilgrims visit this spot annually, and all take the opportunity of sitting by the well, as our Saviour is recorded to have done.

But there is a rival to this interesting relic, for in the cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is preserved another well, which is said to have been

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THE WELL OF SAMARIA.
It stands in the cloister of St. John Lateran, at Rome.

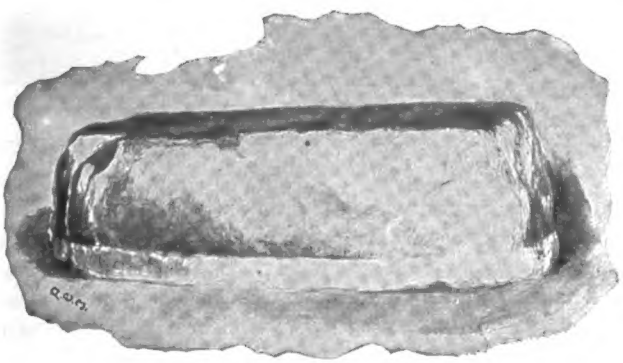
the one around which the incident occurred. It is a stone well in splendid preservation, and of a very different character to that which is seen to-day near Sychem.

The well of St. John Lateran is said to have been brought from the Holy Land by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. There is no doubt about its antiquity, but much difference of opinion exists as to its identity with the well of Samaria. Its form is hardly that of an Eastern city's watering-place.

A number of other relics of our Lord's ministry are preserved in different churches of Europe. In one place is said to be a piece of the hem of the garment which was touched with healing effect by the suffering woman at Bethsaida. In another church is a lock of woman's hair, said to have belonged to Mary Magdalen, and with which she wiped our Lord's feet, as recorded in the Gospels. In other churches may be found a tooth of the Saviour, a piece of his beard, and a small phial containing one of the tears which he shed upon hearing of the death of Lazarus. Another curious relic is a leg of the ass upon which Jesus rode in triumph to Jerusalem.

In the Church of Salvator, connected with the old Benedictine Abbey at Trèves, are preserved a pair of leather sandals which are said to have been worn by our Lord. They are greatly treasured, as being the only relics of their kind in the world. The sandals, which consist of fine, soft leather, of a brownish-yellow color, are kept in a magnificently bejewelled casket of priceless worth. The sandals themselves bear no resemblance to their former appearance, for they have been gilded and adorned with precious stones till they are themselves beyond value, even intrinsically.

But it is in connection with the Passion of our Lord that so many relics are preserved to-day. The Chapel of the Table, as its name partly indicates, is a building



THE TABLE OF THE LAST SUPPER.
It is a large block of hard chalk.

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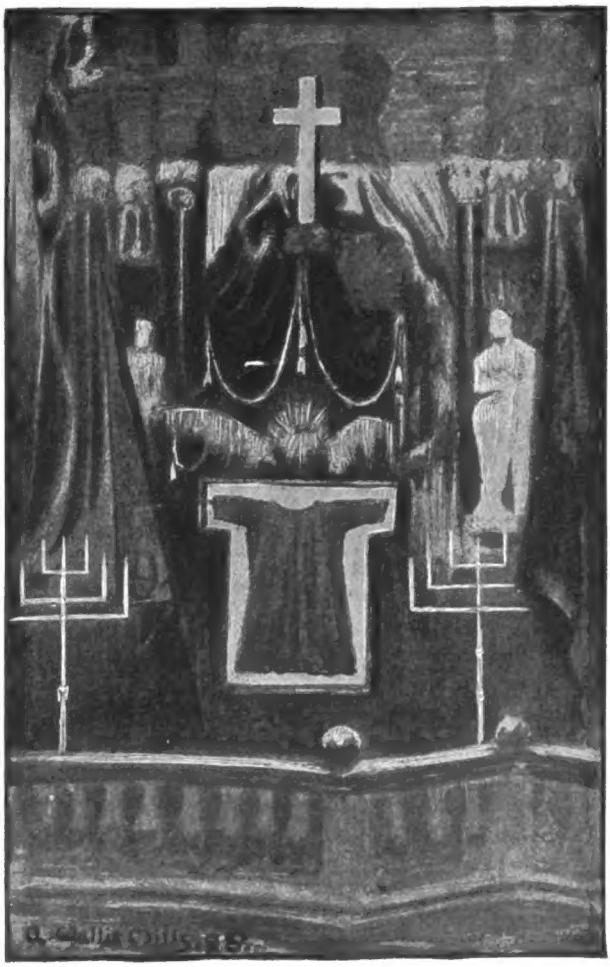
in which is preserved what claims to be the table of the Last Supper. The tradition which associates the large block of hard chalk in the chapel with the most noted meal of history dates back only to the seventeenth century; but although its authenticity rests only upon such slender ground, large numbers of pilgrims visit the table annually and pray before it. The Chapel of the Table, which belongs to the Latins, was erected in 1861.



THE HOLY COAT OF TRÈVES.

It is made of a brown material, and has been lined with silk to hold it together.

The chalice used at the Last Supper, which is sometimes identified with the Holy Graal of mediæval poets, is claimed to be in the possession of the Cathedral of Valencia, in Spain. Another cup said to have been the famous relic was formerly treasured by the Genoese. But it was taken to Paris in 1816, and was broken during its removal. It was of green glass, hexagonal in form, and had two handles.

The mocking of the Saviour by the Roman soldiers, which is so fully described in the Sacred Writings, has given occasion for a large number of relics. The Crown of Thorns no longer exists as a whole, but many churches and individuals claim to have fragments of this Crown. In the Hôtel de Cluny, Paris, is a ring containing a small part of one of the thorns, and a complete thorn, which is said to have formed part of the Saviour's Crown, was recently on exhibition at the British Museum, where it was placed on loan by the owner for a short period. It is hardly necessary to mention that the thorn is magnificently mounted. It reposes in a locket consisting of the two halves of an amethyst opening upon a hinge of gold. On the interior of one lid of the locket are two pictures of the Crucifixion enamelled in gold. A tiny golden crown surmounts the thorn. In addition to the two thorns already mentioned, no fewer than one hundred and three churches claim to possess parts of the true Crown.

The reed put into Christ's hand as a mock sceptre is also said to exist to-day, but not as a whole. Portions of the reed are shown in Florence; in the Church of St. Julian, at Lungarde; in the Convent of Andeschs, in Bavaria; and in the Convent of Watoped, on Mount Athos. Curi-

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ously enough, no church or religious establishment claims to possess any portion of the reed upon which the sponge was raised to the dying Saviour's lips. This is strange, in view of the fact that fragments of the sponge are shown at St. Jacques de Compiège, St. Sylvester, St. John de Lateran, Sta. Maria Maggiore, St. Mary in Transtevere, St. Mark and St. Mary in Compitelli, all in Rome. Then, again, the purple robe with which Christ was arrayed is said to be in Moscow, and this brings us to what is perhaps the most famous of all the various relics of Christ, the Holy Coat of Trèves.

It was last on exhibition in 1891, and then created much discussion and controversy all over the world. Forty-six years had elapsed since the coat was previously exposed to popular gaze, and naturally the occasion became one of great importance to the whole of Catholic Europe. To give its history from the time when it was said to have been discovered by St. Helena would fill a volume, and, indeed, a volume has been written dealing with the history of the coat. It is about four feet six inches in length, the back being a trifle longer than the front; the width at the chest is twenty-seven inches, whilst at the bottom it is about three feet and a half.

The material, which is dull brown in color, is very ancient, and is utterly unlike anything manufactured nowadays; some have compared it to fine wool, others to silk, and others again to crèpe. The exterior has at some time or other been covered with a rich Oriental damask, but this is long since worn away, and nothing but an indication of its former presence remains. Inside there is a lining of light brown silk, added to preserve the relic from dropping to pieces through old age. On the rare occasions when the coat is exposed to view, it is hung upon a rod passed through the two sleeves, and is suspended immediately above the high altar. The relic is kept in an air-tight case with a thick plate-glass front, and from this it is never removed.

Only three expositions of this coat have taken place in the present century. The first was in 1810, when a hundred thousand people passed through the cathedral; the second was in 1844, when the number of pilgrims exceeded a million; and in 1890, the first exhibition after railway travelling had become anything like general, when the numbers exceeded all that had formerly been known.

The Holy Robe of Argenteuil is said to have been bought from the soldier to whose lot it fell, and carried by a disciple to a town in Galatia, where it was carefully packed in a wooden box. After a series of vicissitudes, in which it was taken in turn to Jaffa, Persia, Jerusalem, and Constantinople, it finally found a resting-place in Argenteuil, the Emperor Charlemagne having presented it to the church after receiving it as a present from the Empress Irene of Constantinople. The coat is of goat's hair or camel's hair, and is very finely woven, so as to look almost like fine canvas.

Of the cross, which is said to have been discovered by St. Helena in A.D. 326, there are fragments in all parts of the world. It is the most sacred relic which the Catholic Church treasures. But usually these fragments are encased in golden shrines, and are quite invisible to the ordinary man. One cross relic, however, that in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, is so arranged that the wood which claims to be a portion of the true cross can be plainly seen.

Another piece of the true cross is said to be encased in an ancient cross in one of the Dublin Museums. The story of the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena is too well known to need recapitulation. It is said that with the cross she found a thin tablet, three and one-half feet long by one foot wide, bearing the inscription composed by Pilate. The letters were cut into the wood and painted red. This relic, an illustration of which is given on the following page, is preserved at the Church of Santa Croce, at Rome.

At Rome, also, is to be seen the *Sancta Scala*, or Holy Staircase, up which our Lord is recorded to have been led to Pilate's Judgment Hall. This is another of the

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relics brought to Europe by the Empress Helena in A.D. 326, when it was deposited

A THORN FROM THE CROWN OF THORNS, SET IN AN AMETHYST AND MOUNTED IN GOLD.

in the Church of St. John Lateran. The well-known practice of mounting these stairs on one's knees was instituted in the ninth century by Pope Leo IV., but after a time the stairs became so worn that they were encased in wood, and have remained so ever since.

ONE OF THE FEW PIECES OF THE CROSS WHICH ARE MOUNTED SO AS TO BE SEEN.

Another very famous relic, which has created a good deal of discussion lately, is the Holy Winding Sheet at Turin. It was in this sheet that our Lord was wrapped immediately before his burial. It is an oblong piece of soft white material, and is stretched in a huge frame of gilt, elaborately decorated. The narrative runs that Nicodemus, a secret disciple of our Lord, possessed himself of the sheet, and gave it to his uncle Gamaliel, from whom it afterwards passed to the Christians, and finally found a resting-place in Turin.

A remarkable fact about this sheet is that it was recently photographed, and when the negative was developed the form of a man was faintly outlined upon the sheet. This feature was quite new to the ecclesiastical authorities, for, although the sheet always bore some faint, reddish-brown stains, no resemblance to the human form had ever been traced in them. We are able to publish a photograph of the Holy Winding Sheet, and the figure upon it can be seen distinctly.

A CRUCIFIX CONTAINING A FRAGMENT OF THE CROSS.

Many churches claim to possess some of the grave-clothes of our Lord, and also the nails which pierced his hands and his feet. Then, again, the spear which pierced his side is said to be preserved in the Basilica of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is simply a shaft, the head, which was at Paris, having been lost during the troublous times of the great Revolution.

An interesting relic connected with the

THE TABLET AT THE TOP OF THE CROSS. IT WAS ACCIDENTALLY FOUND AT ROME IN A LEADEN CASE, AFTER HAVING BEEN LOST.

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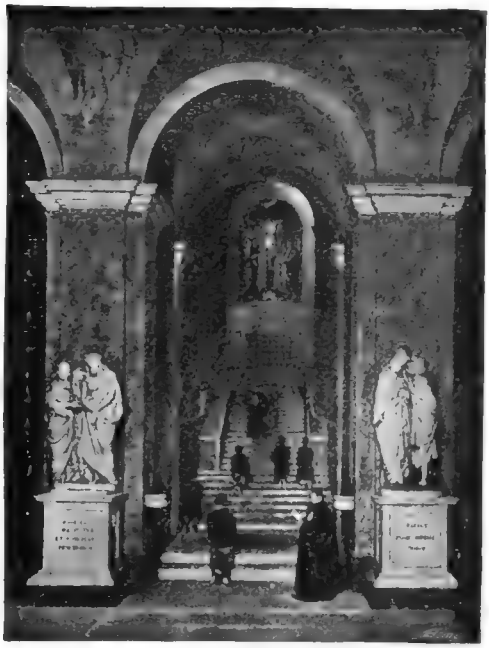
death and burial of our Lord is the Stone of Anointment, preserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is said that upon this stone the body of Jesus was laid for its anointment prior to burial. The stone is a red marble slab, about nine feet long and four feet wide. One of the most curious facts in connection with this relic is that many of the millions of pilgrims who annually visit and kiss it measure the stone, so that they may have their own winding sheets made the same in length and breadth as the Saviour's.



THE STAIRCASE FROM THE HOUSE OF PONTIUS PILATE.
Christ was led up it to the Judgment Hall.

The last great relic which we shall refer to is, perhaps, regarded as the most interesting of all. It is the Tomb of our Lord; but here, again, we are confronted with serious differences of opinion. The most famous site of the Sepulchre is that in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which tradition has pointed for centuries. Little of the rocky cavern can now be seen, for the whole has been surmounted by a gorgeous chapel, probably the richest building of its kind in the world. Upon it have the faithful showered their offerings for centuries, and its present appearance is certainly not that of a sepulchre. Six huge candles, in golden stands, burn before the entrance to the tomb, beside a number of smaller ones; and myriads of golden lamps, studded with rare jewels, burn above and all round the Chapel of the Sepulchre.

CHRIST'S WINDING SHEET.
When recently photographed the form of a man was found to be outlined upon it.

Until some twenty years ago this was the only spot which laid any claim to be the Sepulchre of our Lord; but during his travels in the Holy Land the late General Gordon made a discovery. By reading the accounts of our Lord's burial in the Scriptures, and comparing the facts there stated with local topography, he came to the conclusion that another sepulchre which he had unearthed was the true tomb of our Lord. It corresponded in every way, as he declared, with the description in the Bible. It was in a garden, and was evidently a "new tomb," from the fact that there were others on either side which were in course of construction, and had never been completed.

This tomb, discovered by General Gordon, is regarded as the actual scene of our Lord's burial by Protestants, who gather in large numbers from time to time, and hold religious services. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, on the other hand, look upon the shrine in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as the true tomb, and they worship there.

In the Chapel of the Angels, one of the buildings within the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

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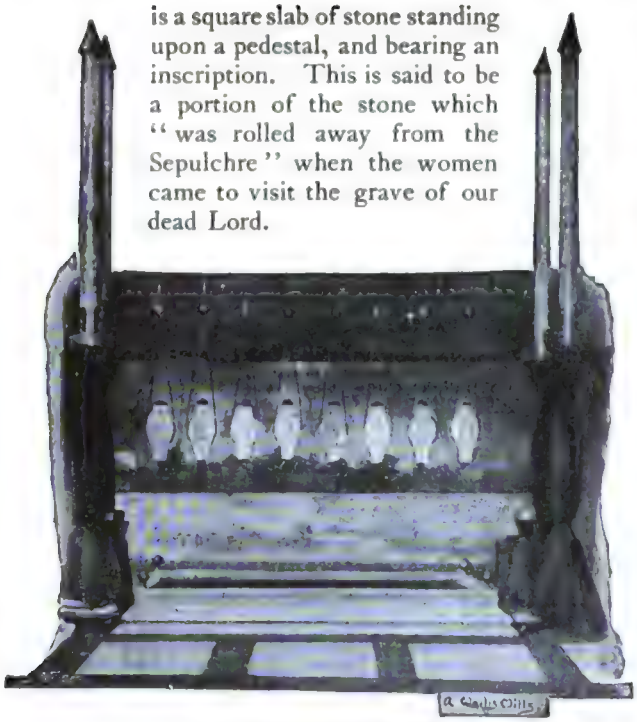


is a square slab of stone standing upon a pedestal, and bearing an inscription. This is said to be a portion of the stone which "was rolled away from the Sepulchre" when the women came to visit the grave of our dead Lord.

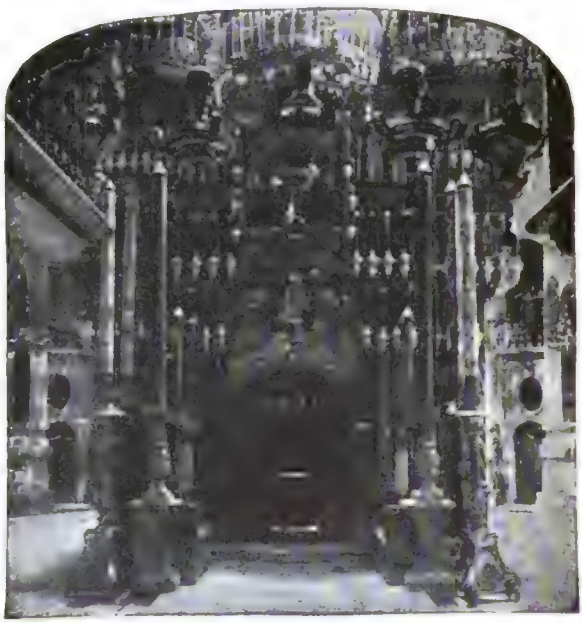
THE STONE OF ANOINTMENT.

Pilgrims have their winding sheets made the same length.

The veneration of sacred relics affords scope for interesting reflection. There can be no question but that the human mind is readily influenced by the sight of that which was actually used or handled by any historic individual. Vividly as the mind may fashion an image of, say, the Great Redeemer himself, the sight of some portion of his wearing apparel affects the mind, by the mere power of association, more effectually than an abundance of reading or oral teaching. The priesthood of practically every religion in the world has fully appreciated this, and consequently we find in most creeds the veneration of relics, whether it is the tooth of Buddha, preserved with the utmost reverence and care in Ceylon, or such Christian relics as those to which we have referred.

Glancing at the historic aspect of the veneration of sacred relics, we realize that it was from the fourth to the sixteenth century that they exercised the supremest influence on the Christian communities of the world. All that was great, chivalrous, and noble in mankind was at times called forth to the end of protecting and preserving sacred relics from desecration by barbarians and infidels.

So much so was this that the history of some relics may almost be said to be the history of more than one war. One instance may be given in that of the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians in 614, and the carrying away of the true Cross. Fourteen years later the Emperor Heraclius, after a series of brilliant campaigns, regained possession of the sacred relic, and in 629 it was solemnly restored to the



Stereo photo by Underwood.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

It is a rocky cavern hidden by the chapel above it.

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Stereo photo by Underwood.

"GORDON'S" HOLY SEPULCHRE.

This sepulchre was discovered by General Gordon and believed by him to be the real burial place of Christ.

Christian world, and once more set up in Jerusalem. It may be added, as a curious fact, that the Persians, during their possession of the Cross, kept it unharmed, not even breaking the seals of the case in which it was enclosed.

Sadly enough, whilst the veneration of sacred relics begot much that was best in men, it nevertheless was responsible for much that was evil. The desire of communities and monasteries to possess relics soon grew beyond even an appreciation of what was honest. That which could not be bought (and the traffic in spurious relics attained vast proportions) was as often as not stolen, and it was by no means uncommon for one monastery to wage a marauding campaign on a neighboring one for the sake of some coveted relic.

With the Reformation there came a reaction, and, whilst the veneration of sacred relics forms a prominent feature of the Catholic Church of to-day, the abuses of the Middle Ages have vanished forever.

That the greater number of these relics are genuine is probable, and this in spite of the temptation which undoubtedly existed during the Middle Ages to claim the discovery or possession of any articles whose sacred and historical associations would serve to arouse the interest of the people, and would thus lead to no small increase in the revenue of the priestly order in whose possession they were, by bringing pilgrims to their doors. Moreover, whether real or not, they have served a purpose by affording spiritual consolation to many and effecting miraculous physical cures for others; and in the absence of any direct proof of deliberate deceit, one may repose some confidence in the traditions which have become associated with these particular relics, and which one may well suppose must, in many cases at least, have had their foundation on strong circumstantial evidence, even if the records are now no longer available.

The day may yet come when many of these relics will be brought together under one roof, thus forming a collection of inestimable value and interest, an end which might be accomplished without either great expense or much labor.

Stereo photo by Underwood.

IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ANGELS.

A portion of the stone which was rolled away from the sepulchre.

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By
Ethel Beatrice Bailey.

David Sadd was a shy man. "Far too shy to ever take unto himself a wife," so the neighbors said.

He lived alone on his small flower farm, possessing the reputation of being a steady worker and a helper of lame dogs over stiles. He generally managed to climb his own unaided.

At the beginning of one summer he went away for a holiday. This action aroused much gossip, but when he returned with Mrs. David Sadd every one marvelled. Curiosity was at fever pitch. David was discussed in ale-houses, over wash-tubs, between clothes-lines, and in all places where two or three were gathered together. The general opinion was that the all-important question had been asked by—well, not David.

"Her's been a widder," said the matrons; "she'd been over the ground before, and knew just how to set about it, and Dave never could abear to say 'no' to anybody."

"'Tisn't fair," grumbled the girls, "when there ain't enough men in the village to go round.

"And to pitch on Dave of all people! She might have had old Andrew Spooner, and welcome. He'd only got twelve shillin's a week, and had already took to goin' into 'The Plough' of evenin's. He wouldn't have mattered. But to have Dave, with his snug little farm and quite a lot of decent furniture! It was mean of Providence."

The men of the village said little, but they whistled much.

Mrs. Sadd, walking down the village street, was conscious that, although spring cleaning had been duly performed, most of the women were busy with the curtains in their front room. Two children, sitting on the doorstep of a cottage, disappeared hastily at her approach. Almost directly a woman came from the back premises, and, entering the front room, started flicking the dust noisily off a bird-cage hanging in the window. The flicking ceased directly Mrs. Sadd had passed.

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She knew the reason why, and smiled grimly to herself. She did not mind very much. Knowing that her bonnet would make or mar her reputation the first time she appeared in the village street, she had donned the one nearest and dearest to her heart. She was triumphant. No other woman in all the district had a bonnet to equal her own. They might have pink roses, or red roses, or yellow roses. She had green—no one in all that village had ever soared so high. Mrs. Sadd, looking neither to the left nor to the right of her, marched slowly down the centre of the street, happy in the knowledge.

MRS. SADD, LOOKING NEITHER TO THE LEFT NOR TO THE RIGHT OF HER, MARCHED SLOWLY DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE STREET.

Many women contrived that day to make their purchases at precisely the hour Mrs. Sadd chose for her shopping. She was aware that before nightfall all her neighbors would know what price she paid for her butter, and if she was stingy with candles. Nevertheless, she gave her orders in a sharp, high-pitched voice, and walked out of the shop apparently quite unconscious of beholders.

When three months had passed David began to feel sorry; he was possessed of such a gift as imagination. It was as though a firework had entered into his soul, irradiating and lighting up the dull corners—so beautiful while it lasted—then slowly, slowly dying out to nothing, save a heap of ashes and self-knowledge.

He had always held certain theories with regard to womankind. He believed that women, although not of the most approved type, were yet angels.

His marriage did away entirely with any such belief. There were times when he admitted to himself that if he had anything to do with the arrangement of the universe he would be careful to keep angels in their proper places, and allow only everyday human, loving women on earth. Virtue and order are excellent qualities in women, but when Virtue puts framed texts where account slates ought to hang, and Order makes a tired man take off his boots before tea, and throw his pipes on the dust-bin, there have been cases where a man has so far forgotten his station in life as to actually revolt and assert what he absurdly calls his rights.

The little white cottage, with its four small rooms, and rain-tub outside the back door, had seemed very pleasant to David in his bachelor days. He liked to think how homely it would be with a woman's step about the rooms and the sound of her voice to greet him when the toil of the day was over. He thought he should like to spend all his life under its thatched roof—quiet, restful years—filled with love and work. The woman came and the gates of Paradise closed behind him.

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He remembered the pride with which he had led her into the little parlor. On one side of the hearth was his own cane chair, somewhat airy about the centre, but the embodiment of comfort. Opposite to it was a wicker chair, softly and prettily cushioned, with a work-basket beside it, filled with all the fearfully and wonderfully made accompaniments of scissors and needles. He had spent much thought over its purchase, and was anxious to know if he had forgotten any article to make it complete. Brightly colored oleographs were pinned on the walls; a geranium was placed precisely in the middle of the window-sill, and in front of the fire a black cat slept the sleep of good mousers.

He had explained to his wife that he had tried to brighten it up a bit. Mrs. Sadd had said nothing, but she had surveyed the room with a stony glance. When David came home the following evening he slipped as usual into the parlor for his tea. A sense that something unusual had happened came to him.

He looked about him and his heart sunk. This was no cosey parlor—no resting-place for a weary man. No cat was sleeping on the hearthrug. He found the creature later in the evening cowering under the kitchen dresser, peering at him with frightened eyes. When sociable cats retire to the privacy of kitchen dressers it is usually a sign that woman and brooms are in the immediate vicinity.

The easy-chairs had disappeared. David looked in vain for his pipe and tobacco jar. Two framed pictures took up the position of the oleographs. He smiled when he saw them.

One of the pictures represented the procession of animals into the Ark. The Ark was not unlike a fair-sized punt with the addition of a lid. There did not seem the barest chance of any animal larger than a lion getting comfortable lodgings, and even then doubtless Noah's wife would have found herself in rather close quarters. The picture hanging opposite portrayed Abraham offering up Isaac.

David, standing in his own home, felt himself a stranger. He turned away with a heavy feeling of loss. From that hour onward the feeling continued to haunt him. Mrs. Sadd was not content to be merely mistress of the home; her rule extended to the owner of it. She believed firmly in good business qualities—her own, not David's. Her ambition would not be narrowed by cottage walls—it entered the garden. Not a cabbage in the whole row might David call his own. At the end of the week he was told to harness the donkey and take the vegetables to market. David knew he was meek, but he was surprised to find how meek. He took the vegetables to market. His wife took the money for them to the savings bank. He was miserable, but endured silently until the final act of tyranny. Even then he only asserted his rights by putting an end to his wrongs. David was always so different from other men.

The reason for his turning was this: Mrs. Sadd, without any warning, suddenly evolved a ramping, raging religion. She had always been termed a religious woman, strict in her chapel-going and Sunday observances. This state was now too mild for her. Her husband almost trembled to see the fierceness and zeal that accompanied her conversion. She could not speak without a text to frame her words. The very bread David ate was baked in an atmosphere of sanctity, kneaded to the shouting of revival hymns. At night she prayed loud and long; so long that David, feeling that she did duty for both of them, retired to bed prayerless himself. Finally, she triumphantly proclaimed herself one of the elect.

The destination of her own soul safely settled, she turned her attention to the needs of her husband. Her own state of bliss was effected at the beginning of summer, when there was much work for David in the garden. After attacking him and finding him stubborn, she resolved to put off his spiritual scouring until the chilly autumn evenings or winter nights. Safely penned between herself and the fire, there would be small chance for the black sheep to escape.

David did not wish to be redeemed.

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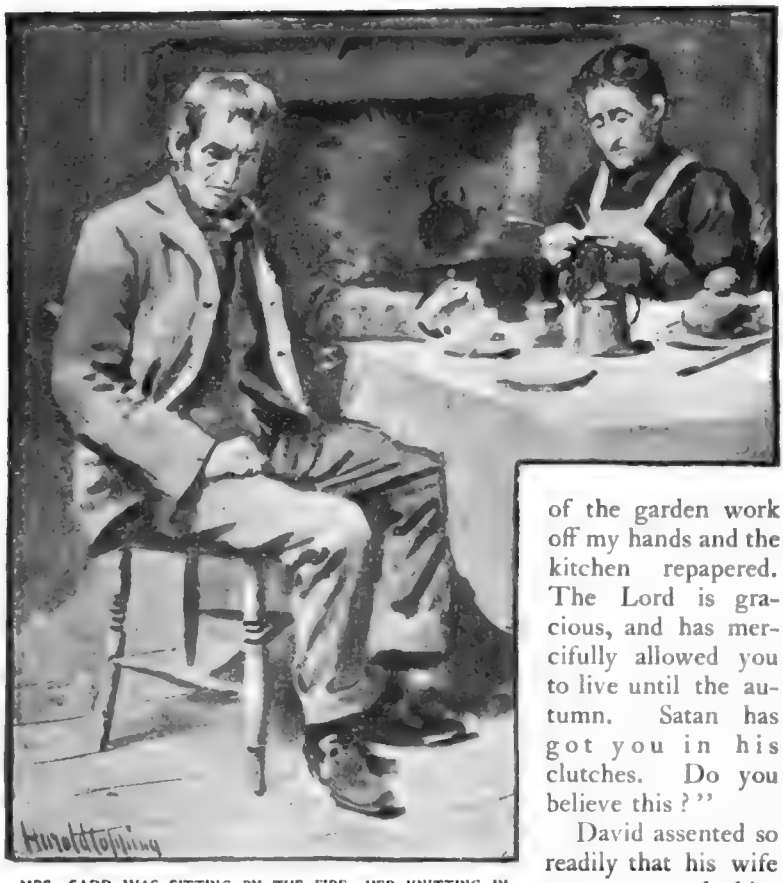
He did his duty, and owed no man gold or grudges. His religion was so closely united to his simple, everyday life, that his wife, looking for it as a thing apart, did not even recognize its existence.

She could not but regard as dangerous and misleading a faith unsustained by chapel-going and Scripture-quoting. When David gave away patiently tended strawberries — saying in his awkward way "that the woman was poor and the child so ill"—Mrs. Sadd called him a fool.



MRS. SADD WAS SITTING BY THE FIRE, HER KNITTING IN HER HANDS.

David was lonely. One evening he came heavily in from his work, stepping as usual into the kitchen for his meal. Mrs. Sadd was sitting by the fire, her knitting in her hands and an open hymn-book on her knee. She glanced up at David as he entered, and in that glance was meaning.

"I wish to speak to you," she said suddenly.

David did not wait to remove his boots, but cut himself a slice of bread and sat down. Mrs. Sadd waited until he had poured himself out a cup of tea. Then she laid her knitting down.

"David Sadd," she said, "the state of your soul is displeasing to the Lord and troublesome to me. I have yearned over it, but what with one thing and another, and the summer being such a busy one, I thought best to leave it until I'd got some of the garden work off my hands and the kitchen repapered. The Lord is gracious, and has mercifully allowed you to live until the autumn. Satan has got you in his clutches. Do you believe this?"

David assented so readily that his wife at once eyed him suspiciously.

"I will save you," she continued. She paused a moment, then said impressively: "You feel yourself to be a miserable worm, David?"

"Ay, ay!" said David. He was quite sure of that.

"Then," said his wife triumphantly, "you won't take long to get into the fold. Some sinners are as obstinate as mules to convince, and take months. Others again shine in grace and shout praises before the week is out. Now, David, you want new flannels badly this winter, but not a stitch will I put into them until I know they will be worn by a saved man. When you say to me, 'Maria, I'm a new man,' I'll start on them at once, but now I must give all my time to turning your heart. If you go cold this winter the blame won't be at my door; 'twill be the hardness of

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your own heart." She took up her knitting and bent her eyes piously toward the hymn-book.

David pushed away his untasted tea, and setting his chair against the wall from mere force of habit, went out into the garden. Folding his arms on top of the little white gate, he stared gloomily in front of him. Everywhere was the grayness and chill of autumn—little piles of sodden, richly colored leaves, a straggling bramble with a few weazened blackberries still clinging to it, a heavy mist over the fields by the river bank, a sombre stillness in the air. The thought of his conversion and flannel shirts kept David meditating long. The village clock struck nine before he turned and walked up the shell-edged garden path—a New Man.

He entered the cottage to find his wife sitting up for him with a solitary candle.

That night in the darkness she prayed long and fervently for her sinner husband. In the midst of her petition she paused to see if her meditation was having any effect. David was very still. Taking this as a sign that he was stricken with remorse, she prayed yet more fervently. When the final "amen" was uttered, with a long pause between "a" and "men" to give it deeper significance, she rose and approached the silent form.

"David," she called gently, but there was no response.

"David Sadd," this time very softly.

Still a silence.

She bent over him trembling with excitement.

"David! David!"

The quietness of the little room was broken. There were no tears, no passionate utterances of an awakened conscience, no frenzied declarations—just the peaceful snoring of a tired man.

Mrs. Sadd called no more blessings down on her husband's head that night. She retired with cold feet and a sense of wasted eloquence.

During the following weeks she made many attempts to soften her husband. David knew his moral nature was firm; but he sometimes feared for his brain. His wife was often irritated by a little smile that flickered across his face when he fancied himself unobserved.

"David," she said one evening, "I'm going into the town to-morrow. I shall start early by carrier, and be back in the evening."

David nodded his head, not because he thought she was waiting for his assent, but merely to show he had heard her words. Then he smiled.

The next morning Mrs. Sadd rose early, and after her breakfast laid the table for David's midday meal. He watched her wonderingly, and remembered that during the last few days her religious fever had decreased in temperature. She turned on the threshold to tell him the precise hour the potatoes should be put on to boil, and went out without her usual slam of the door.

When he knew she was safely jogging along with the carrier, David put on his hat and walked down the road to a cottage half a mile or so out of the village. The master was at home and welcomed him. "Old Willum," as the village called him, was the match-maker, and occasionally match-breaker, of the whole neighborhood.

Having loved and buried three wives, he was much sought for his experience and knowledge of women-folk.

He had discovered the silver lining to many a matrimonial cloud. Once or twice he had dislodged a thunderbolt. He promised to help David. The two men sat long that morning, and Old Willum chuckled much. He had no tender spot in his heart for Mrs. Sadd, and his active old brain conjured visions.

Could Mrs. Sadd have seen her home later in the day, it is doubtful if she would have returned to it. They started with the parlor. David spared nothing. Down came the scriptural calendars and texts, and the pink and white paper roses from the fireplace. Down came the starched curtains from the window. The wool mats on the round table, the large hymn-books, the stiff chairs, were all carried away.

"What shall we do with the texts and them things," said Willum, pointing to the calendars.

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"Burn them," said David firmly.

Old Willum gave a low whistle.

"Burn them," said David again. They were burnt.

Then again he set to work on the parlor. Up went the oleographs, the account slate, the grocer's almanacs. Back came the wicker chair and the old cane one with the hole in the middle. He hung faded red curtains at the window—his bachelor-day curtains; he lit a cheery little fire in the fireplace, and put his pipe and tobacco jar on the mantel-shelf. Then he went out to his little glasshouse and brought in a scarlet geranium. He set it down on the window-sill. By seven o'clock the room was arranged to his satisfaction. The two men sat down in their shirt-sleeves to rest. David went into the kitchen, and returned with a jug. He held it out to Old Willum.

"I dare say you're thirsty; bring enough for two of us."

Old Willum took the jug and went off.

In a few moments David crossed to the door and opened it.

It was a dark, cheerless night, and the wind was chilling. He thought of his wife—wondered if she was very cold—dare say she wanted a cup of tea pretty bad.

He turned back to his old familiar room.

When Willum came back the room was very cheerful. A kettle was singing on the hob, the red curtains were drawn, and the table was set for a meal. He thought David had done it for his comfort; then his eyes fell on something in the fender. Neatly placed together, with heels upturned to catch the warmth, was a pair of black shoes—shoes with a tiny ribbon bow in front.

"Well, I'm blest," he said softly to himself, and he stared at David.

David saw the look, and to divert his attention asked him nervously if he thought the table would do.

Old Willum regarded it critically, and answered dryly:

"That he expected most women-folk after drivin' in the bitter cold wind ablowin' outside would like somethin' a leetle bit more comfortin' than chiny to swaller."

It was quite true. Cups, saucers, plates, even the tea caddy, but nothing to eat.

David searched in the kitchen and came back with bread, butter, and a piece of Dutch cheese. Willum sat by the fire, watching proceedings with a look in his eyes that was rather trying to bear.

David arranged the table with great precision and surveyed it with satisfaction.

Then he joined Willum by the fire and waited. Willum helped himself from the jug liberally. David looked at the fire and smoked his pipe.

There was a long silence, then old Willum burst out.

"Lordy, Dave! What's that you've gotten on?"

"A flannel shirt," said David laconically.

"A new one?"

He nodded.

"Where on earth did you get it from, and what's that over there?" peering through the firelight to a chair that had something strange and mysterious on it.

"More," answered David, still without moving his pipe. "Got them from town; carrier brought them last Saturday."

"Didn't she see 'em?" said Willum, terribly excited.

"No, she didn't," said David slowly; "she was busy in the kitchen, and I put 'em in the tool shed."

Willum looked with intense admiration at the lanky figure opposite, but all he said was: "There'll be a mighty rumpus, Dave." Dave put down his pipe and rose to his feet.

"No, there won't," he said, looking steadily at his friend. "No, there won't; I'm a New Man."

Willum was silent through sheer astonishment. Then the New Man lit a lamp, and pushing aside the curtain, put it on the window-edge, so its light streamed down the garden path.

"It's a bad night," he remarked; "coming on to blow hard and snow too, I fancy. Carrier's late."

It was nearly nine o'clock before steps were heard coming up the garden. They

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went past the parlor window, and the men heard a great knocking on the back door. It had been bolted early in the evening. Opening the front door, David called out:

"This way, Ria."

It was the name he had called her by when they were first married. A figure turned at his words and came slowly toward him.

"What do you mean, David? Do you think I'm coming in this way, with the snow dripping off me and my boots covered with mud? Open the back door at once."

Willum shivered in spite of the fire when he heard Mrs. Sadd.

"Ria," said David, "it's too cold to stand talking outside."

He took hold of her arm, pulled her gently but firmly inside, and shut the door. She was in a piteous plight. Her bonnet all awry, her face pinched with cold, and the snow dripping off her into a little pool on the carpet.

RIA WAS CRYING, HER FACE HIDDEN. HE PUT HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER.

Old Willum stole a covert glance at her, and, throwing a look of commiseration at David, sidled out into the night, closing the door softly behind him.

"There's no countin' for women when their temper is riz," he murmured to himself.

So David and his wife were left alone.

"Sit down, Ria," he said kindly. "I'll make the tea while you're getting off your wet things."

She stood on the threshold staring in a dazed way about her. She saw David's pipe on the mantel-shelf, his account slate on the wall. Her eyes fell on his flannel shirt. Then speech came to her.

"David, are you mad?" she cried. "Are you clean gone out of your senses."

"No," he said, and he looked straight into her eyes, "I've jus' come into them—I'm a New Man."

There was something in David's look that told her that his words were true. She sat heavily down in a chair, gazing unseeingly before her. Very quietly David measured out the tea, and, not forgetting first to warm the pot, poured on boiling water. He filled a cup and laid a piece of bread and butter in the saucer.

"Ria," he said, "drink this. It will do you good."

Mechanically she raised her hands to untie her bonnet strings, but they fumbled nervously and would not do their work. David put down the cup and untied them for her, laying the bonnet on the table.

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He loosed and removed her cloak; taking off her muddy boots, he replaced them with shoes, warm from the fire. She suffered him to do it, making no sign, uttering no protest. David put the tea in her hands and carried away the boots to the kitchen.

Then he heard a strange sound, and the breaking of china.

He went hastily into the front room. The tea was streaming out of a broken tea-cup on the floor, and—and Ria was crying, with her face hidden. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't, Ria," he said; "don't cry."

Perhaps it was the warmth of the room after the chill of night; perhaps she was tired after a long day's shopping, but she cried all the harder.

David did not understand. He almost repented of being a New Man and of his determination to be master, her tears distressed him so keenly.

Knowing her pride, he felt for the time she must hate the very sight of him, and he stole quietly away.

He paused at the doorway, and even as he looked back longingly at her, she rose unsteadily to her feet, and held out her hands.

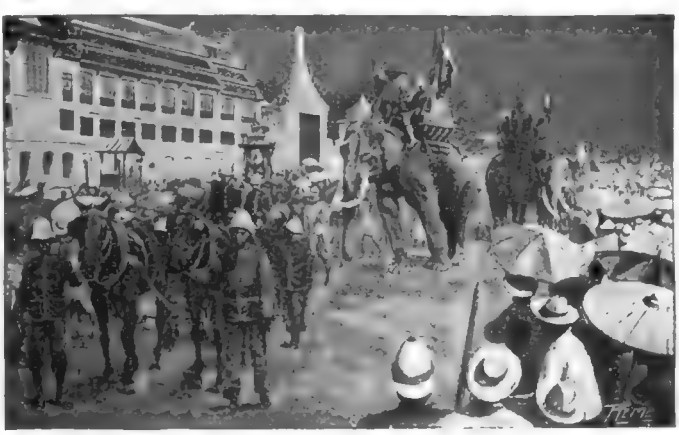
"Dave," she sobbed, "don't go away."

Dave stayed.

THE SIAMESE NEW YEAR.

By Ernest Young.

The Siamese New Year commences on the 1st of April, a day singularly inauspicious according to Western superstition. At this time a New Year's cake is extensively made and eaten by the natives. The cakes correspond in some degree to our Good Friday buns or Shrove Tuesday pancakes. Every departed soul returns to the bosom of his family to join invisibly in the national merriment, and to partake, in the spirit, of the festal confectionery. The festivities continue for three days, and during that period the chief amusement is gambling. Games of chance are freely permitted everywhere.



All night long small companies of devoted priests occupy certain stations in the city walls, chanting away any evil spirits that may have intruded within their circumference, and forbidding all others to enter. On the evening of the third day psalms give place to fire-arms, gongs, drums, tom-toms, and cymbals.

No Siamese holiday is complete without a procession. The New Year's processions take place in the afternoon. As they pass a certain point near the outer walls of the Royal Palace, a man on a high platform sprinkles the passers-by with holy water, and blesses them for the coming year. Every distinctive feature in the national life is represented in these processions.

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WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS AND MEN WHO WEAR PETTICOATS.

By Herbert Vivian.

Clothes are supposed to be merely a matter of fashion, but a man attempting to go about, say, in New York or Paris in the garments of the opposite sex would soon find himself at loggerheads with the police as well as with public opinion. Allowances are made, no doubt, for the sartorial vagaries of lady cyclists, though recent cases reported from England of innkeepers putting their feet down and refusing to give them accommodation have shown that popular prejudices are not easily overridden.

In remoter countries, however, the authorities are so delighted when they can persuade people to wear any clothes at all, that they are not so squeamish about restricting the sexes to any particular garment.

When I went to an Arab country for the first time, I found it a standing puzzle to determine the sex of the people I saw in the streets.

In the streets of Tunis, even the most elaborate costume was of very little assistance to me, and a great strapping man going about in a kind of woollen night-dress, particularly if he had no beard, or if he were walking in front of me, seemed obviously a woman, while a girl walking about unconcernedly in a jerkin and a pair of white linen knickerbockers was pronounced with equal certainty to be a boy. A similar difficulty presents itself to the natives in those parts, and I was told that, unless there was a beard to put the matter beyond doubt, the first question among themselves when they saw a European was, "Is that a man or woman?"

There are, of course, many gradations in the character of the Oriental female trouser. I have seen Carthaginian women whose nether garment was scarcely distinguishable from the new woman's divided skirt; and others whose whole costume was almost identical with that of the average boy in Southern Europe. In Turkish harems the full knickerbocker is almost universal. This suggests the curious reflection that whereas with us "the woman who wears the breeches" is an expression to denote one who rules her husband and has it all her own way, those women who really do wear breeches in Oriental countries are the extreme types of female subjection, regarded by their husbands as mere chattels and even denied by religion the possession of a soul.

A LITTLE JEWISH DANCING GIRL.

As most of us cannot safely penetrate into a harem to examine the richest specimens of female trousering, our best chance is to frequent the melancholy music halls of the East, where Jewish women display the bravest assortment of finery of this kind. The little dancing girl in the accompanying illustration has contented herself with plain silk knickerbockers, which are certainly useful in the exercise of her art, for allowing freedom to the limbs and

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A JEWISH DANCING GIRL OF TUNIS.

enabling us to appreciate the intricacies of her steps.

The next costume, with its wealth of gold brocade upon the thickest silks of vivid hues, is certainly more magnificent, but at the same time more cumbersome. However, the girl's dancing is of the slow, dreamy order, and consists of little more than swaying and pirouetting with more or less grace to the accompaniment of barbaric tom-toms and monotonous wailing songs.

A TUNISIAN JEWESS.

She is evidently very much admired by the frequenters of her establishment, though according to our notions she has anything but a pleasing expression, and the layers of paint upon her face and the thick kohl upon her eyebrows give her the appearance of a very badly made doll.

The next photograph gives us a Tunisian Jewess standing with her back to a very unnatural sea. The conical hat is one of the chief characteristics of the costume of her people, and we have now come to a trouser whose length and tightness proclaim it to be the real article, and no mere baggy knickerbocker like that of our own "new woman." It is certainly a convenient garment, though scarcely picturesque, and the lower part having the appearance of leggings, confers a sporting effect which is not often to be met with in the get-up of Oriental women. As the Jewess appears in the picture, she might easily be mistaken by any one not intimately acquainted with the niceties of Hebrew costume for a young man with a somewhat extravagant taste in jewelry.

We next come to a Persian woman, whose sex requires still more explanation. Her short hair, the little round cap with which we have become so familiar in the Indian bazaars, her Toby collar, the modest simplicity of her ornaments, and the sturdiness, not to say truculence, of her expression, emphasized by her clenched fists and aggressive mouth, proclaim her

A PERSIAN WOMAN.

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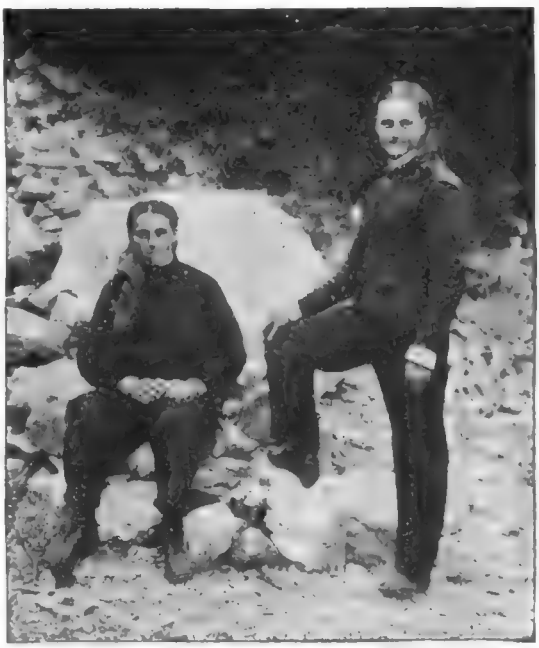
every inch a man, apart from the really masculine cut of her trousers. Indeed, from the jaunty cock of her cap and the way in which she is standing to attention, we should be tempted to surmise that we had to do with a soldier. On the other hand, the materials she has chosen for her costume—a thin silk of bright colors, and the pleats all the way down the front of her coat—are decidedly feminine, unless we imagine her to have adopted a new form of smoking coat.

So far, we have been dealing with remote countries where it seems more or less natural to find people wearing outlandish clothes. It is something of a shock to us to discover that in a Christian country like Switzerland, which we have come to regard as the supreme type of commonplace propriety, there exists a garb more aggressively masculine than any to be found in Asia or Africa.



TWO WOMEN OF CHAMPERY, IN SWITZERLAND.

The accompanying photographs, taken at Champery, in the Canton Valais, may, at any rate, serve as a warning to modern women who may feel tempted to borrow their fashions from the other sex. Could anything be more hideous or more desperately unromantic than the suits of dittoes which these misguided females have elected to wear? We should not feel hopeful about a man who dressed himself out in this dull, unimaginative fashion, but to find women attired thus seems an outrage. If we expect nothing else from women we do insist upon their taking some pride in their personal appearance, and making up by their taste in dress for any shortcomings in personal beauty.

These sad Swiss damsels seem to have given up the effort in despair, and to have chosen the very ugliest garb which human ingenuity could devise. When a nun seeks to humiliate herself and abandon the chief pleasure of her sex by wearing a sober uniform and deliberately concealing her hair and other chief attractions, we may still admire her for her modesty and simple neatness. But these peasants seem to have sought to combine the extreme of clumsiness and ungainliness with the least modest attire which could be imposed upon their sex.

The rough jerkin and trousers are doubtless by no means inconvenient for the out-door life of peasant farmers frequenting a rough and precipitous country-side, tending cattle and riding about on horseback in pursuit of agricultural occupations. Of course, with this costume, the women of Champery do not need a side-saddle; but, after all, it is not necessary to wear trousers in order to ride a horse according to the fashion of Zenobia. In the remoter parts of Servia I have seen plenty of peasant women riding their stout little mountain ponies astride, but their petticoats did not seem to inconvenience them in any way.

The fish-girls of Arcachon certainly afford a pleasanter sight, and they have the appearance of bright, cheerful boys. It must be remembered that their trousers are worn solely on grounds of utility. Paddling about among the oyster-beds, skirts

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A SARDINIAN PEASANT.

would be decidedly in the way; but directly their work is over, the women slip on their petticoats, and it is the rarest thing to espy one of them walking the streets in her professional attire.

In Spain I have also seen olive-pickers in trousers, for the girls find that modesty as well as convenience make this fashion advisable while they are scrambling about among the trees.

There is, moreover, nothing repulsive about the sight, for a Spanish woman always contrives to look neat and dignified.

After women in trousers, it is natural to look out for men in petticoats, and, just as the former have proved to be masculine in nothing but their attire, so the latter seem to be among the sturdiest and most vigorous specimens of their sex. The male petticoat has, moreover, the advantage of antiquity on its side, and every Scotsman will be prepared to defend his kilt by a reference to the garb of ancient Gaul.

The kilt, indeed, is so familiar to Englishmen that it scarcely occurs to them to think of it as a petticoat, and they are rather inclined to associate with it the manliness and fighting qualities connected in our minds with the Roman toga.

Among other men who wear petticoats, the Greek is, perhaps, the best known. In general appearance he recalls the principal dancer in a ballet. His nether garment is made up of a long roll, sometimes amounting to as many as forty yards of white linen wound round his waist. On smart occasions it is spotlessly clean and stiffly starched, standing out like a great white cloud round the upper part of his legs. At other times it is generally limp and dingy, and needs all his distinction of bearing to carry it off. When seen at its best, it is a picturesque if not a graceful garment, and we must regret that it should be falling so much into disuse. It has now been almost entirely superseded by commonplace tweeds in the

A COUNTRYMAN OF MURCIA, THE MOST OLD-FASHIONED PROVINCE IN SPAIN.

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towns, but in most of the villages of Greece it may still be found predominating.

Our next photograph represents an old-fashioned Sardinian peasant, whose kilt is in reality a continuation of his waistcoat, and does not come down far enough completely to cover his capacious white knickerbockers. The illusion of a petticoat is, however, borne out by the white garters which are placed conspicuously outside his long black gaiters. He generally wears a large shawl over his shoulders out-of-doors, and when you follow him as he hobbles over the cobbles of Cagliari, he has the true appearance of a little old woman whose petticoats have been cut ridiculously short. He presents altogether a complete study in black and white, except that he sometimes has a colored handkerchief twisted round his black Phrygian cap of liberty.

A HIGHLANDER OF MACEDONIA.

a countryman of Murcia, the most old-fashioned province of Spain. The caps are different, but scarcely a contrast, and though the Spaniard is evidently poorer than the other, there can be no doubt that he is following the same fashion.

His petticoat is a continuation of his skirt, as we may also find in Hungary, where stiff starching on Sundays and holidays produces a very fine effect. The Montenegrin kilt, on the other hand, is a continuation of the coat; it is, however, so long that it has the appearance of a very pronounced skirt.

Our next photograph represents a young highland chieftain of Macedonia, whose flowing robes come near suggesting a variety of the feminine tea-gown. However, a pistol and a small arsenal of knives in his rich belt point to anything but feminine pursuits.

Monks of most religions and many clergy might be included in our list, but there would be a certain monotony about them.

THE WHIRLING DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Sardinians have derived most of their costumes from Spain. To convince ourselves of this, we have only to place a Sardinian peasant side by side with

The whirling dervishes of Constantinople, however, must not be omitted, for

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DEVIL DANCERS IN CEYLON.

they afford one of the best examples of men in petticoats, particularly when they spin round and round. Their endurance is most remarkable, and they will often go on whirling with ever-increasing velocity for an hour or more at a time, supported only by a kind of religious frenzy, which produces hypnotic effects.

Stranger still are the Sinhalese devil dancers who trade upon a superstition that all illness is caused by evil spirits possessing the patients. They dress themselves up in a more or less fiendish costume, and dance for hours, with a great deal of noise, in a sick person's house, until they have effected a kill or cure. Their petticoats are adorned with elaborate pleats, and afford us the most coquettish female raiment of any worn by men.

Those of the high-priests of Kandy are perhaps more striking for the beards and martial appearance; they present a greater contrast, and the way in which the skirts are tucked into the girdles produces an effect already familiar to us from the sight of our own housemaids and washerwomen when prepared for a hard day's work.

My concluding reflection, after surveying this strange array of queer costumes, is that all women's dress must originally have been derived from that of men, and perhaps at some future date it will be difficult to distinguish between the sexes even in America.

HIGH-PRIESTS OF KANDY.

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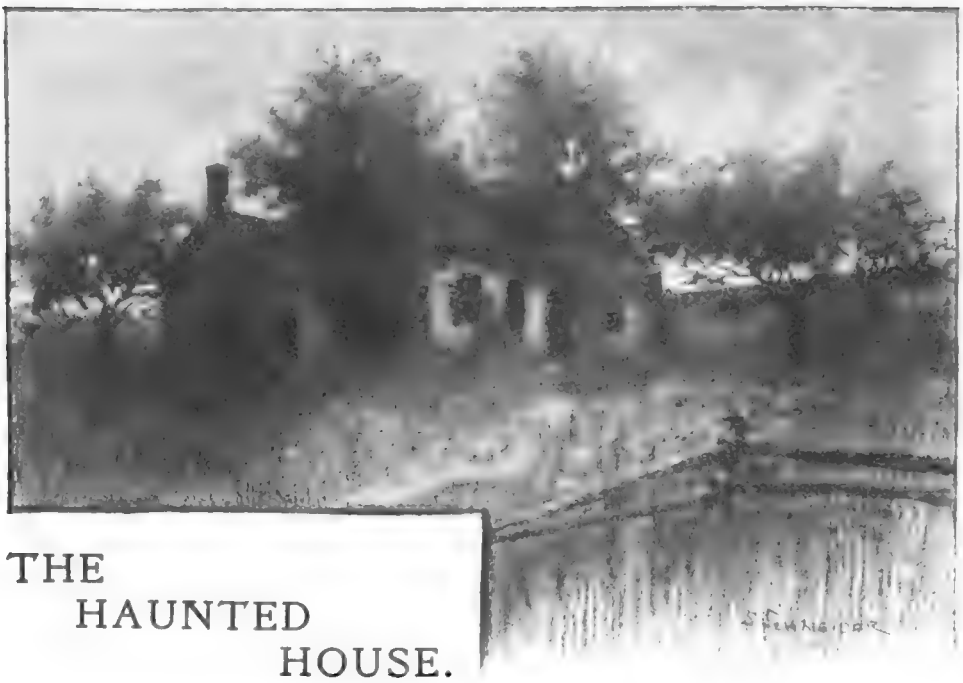

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Across the fields and up the steep
The slow, reluctant shadows creep,
And summer twilight, soft and still,
Falls round the old house on the hill.

Silent and grim it standeth there,
And its dim casements seem to stare
Like old, sad eyes that see through tears
Some vision of departed years.

Above the broken, crumbling roof
Gnarled fruit trees weave a tangled woof
Of knotted boughs, and briers sprawl
Where the dank shingles rotting fall.

And as the twilight deeper glooms,
Strange shapes flit through the lonely rooms,
And wordless whisp'rings rise and fill
The old, old house upon the hill.

Frances A. Schneider.

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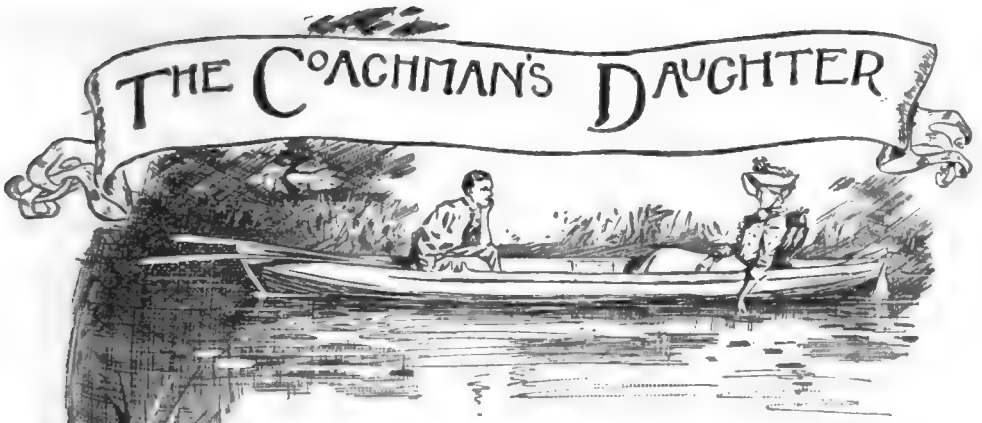
THE COACHMAN'S DAUGHTER



By Evelyn Hampton.

CHAPTER I.

A large, airy room, containing a small bed, draped with white curtains, looped by big blue bows.

Evidently a girl's room this, from the numerous photographs, ball programmes, and cotillion trophies bedecking the walls, to say nothing of numerous looking-glasses, placed so as to reveal side and back views of the fair inhabitant.

A rich girl, and a spoilt girl, too, judging by the luxurious furniture, costly scents, and silver ornaments strewing her dressing-table.

The early morning sun is streaming in at the open window, for the blind has been left half drawn up overnight. A figure under the white canopy stirs, two large blue eyes open, and blink several times before wandering to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Half-past five!" says a sleepy voice.

For a few moments the figure lies absolutely still; then the girl raises herself, and draws a deep breath of content as she looks at the sun.

"Fancy staying in bed a glorious morning like this! Why, it is positively iniquitous!"

The sheets are whirled away, and a lithe young figure flits to the window. Outside the view is exquisite. A sloping lawn, gay with borders of bright-colored blossom; and beyond the green grass and gravel paths flows the silvery Thames, its waters glittering in the sunlight.

Phyllis Fitzjerome, leaning with her elbows on the sill, drinks in the pure air, while the animal spirits of youth course through her veins.

"How I should love a swim!" she thinks; "to glide through the water unseen, unheard, unsuspected. It is so terribly old-fashioned of father to object to my bathing in the river. I may swim as much as I like when we are at the seaside, because other people do; but here, because it isn't the fashion, and no one does it, I am strictly forbidden the privilege of a dip. Let me see. Half-past five. Father won't be called before eight, nor Aunt Lora until nine o'clock. They will never know."

With a light laugh, joyfully Phyllis takes a pretty blue serge bathing dress from the depths of a large ottoman, and equips herself for a swim. The garment—braided in white, and made for Trouville—suits her to perfection.

Her eyes dance with mischief, and her hair waves in clouds of gold, as with silent tread she creeps down-stairs bare-footed, and steals across the lawn to the landing-stage.

Oh! what bliss to be out in the scented garden, her pink toes buried in dew and daisies, her arms, unfettered, swinging at

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her sides, and only the birds for witnesses.

She tosses a kiss from the tips of her fingers in the direction of Mr. Fitzjerome's room, and shrugs her shoulders disdainfully.

"How shocked he would be—and as to Aunt Lora, poor soul! I dare not picture her feelings; and then she is so nervous of the river."

For several moments Phyllis sat basking in the sun on the steps of the landing-stage; then she slipped into the water, making no more sound than a water rat, and away, away, with strong, untiring strokes.

She felt perfectly at home, being an excellent swimmer and quite sure of herself.

After a good long swim she returned reluctantly, rosy, and glowing from the exercise.

Just as she regained the steps, in the distance she espied a light rowing skiff, apparently drifting down stream.

SHE STOLE ACROSS THE LAWN TO THE LANDING-STAGE.

Glancing again, she perceived a man's figure, evidently poring over a book, the attitude of his back being distinctly serious.

"Good gracious, what a book-worm the creature must be," she said to herself, dabbling her feet in the water from the steps. "Imagine beginning this time in the morning—imagine studying print, when nature is at its best. Oh!" shaking her fist toward the boat, "I should like to splash you."

There was plenty of time in which to slip back unobserved to the house, but Phyllis elected to act otherwise. The spirit of adventure was upon her, with a strong spice of devilry in it, and a recklessness which was positively refreshing.

She plunged into the water again and swam toward the boat.

Would he chance to see her, this student of the early morn? Softly the blue-gowned figure made its way through the water, passing the drifting boat boldly.

Though she made no sound, the student looked up, moved by a consciousness that he was being observed. The book fell from his hands as he caught the flash of her bright eyes.

As Phyllis met the glance she wished she had been prudent enough to make good her escape, for the book-worm was quite young—young as herself, while the boyish face lit up with amusement and admiration.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said apologetically. "I was not steering, and I didn't see you."

His voice was reassuring and deferential; it rather pleased Phyllis.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I saw you long ago."

"It must be splendid swimming about, but are you sure you won't get tired? Can I be of any service? Have you far to go?"

"Any more questions?" asked Phyllis saucily.

The young man flushed.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I did not mean to be rude."

The girl burst out laughing. She felt so light-hearted that conventionality flew to the winds.

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The boat continued to drift down, and she turned to swim back. "I have not far to go, after all, you see," she said, making for the landing-stage.

"Do you live in that lovely old house?" he asked. "It is the prettiest place on the Thames."

Phyllis hesitated before replying, and changed to the side stroke. "It will never do for him to find out who I am," she thought; "father would be furious; and of course I've no right to be talking to a stranger, especially in my bathing-gown at this lonely hour. He might tell people."

A vision of their numerous acquaintances in the neighborhood rose before her eyes.

Then she answered shyly: "Well, I live there, in a way, you see, but no one knows I bathe. Mr. Fitzjerome would not approve of it. I am the coachman's daughter. We have very picturesque rooms over the stable, with a nice river view. I take French leave, and make use of the lawn. My father would lose his place if it were known."

The young man was taking stock of the mermaid's beauty. It surprised him that she should possess so refined a voice and such delicate, aristocratic features.

"Do you always come out in the early morning?" he asked, and his voice was less shy now.

"Do *you?*" she queried in reply, growing bold in her new part of coachman's daughter.

"Yes; I am trying to pass an exam., and cramming awfully hard. I go to town every morning to be coached, and I work late and get up early, for it seems easier reading out of doors."

"Still you like it," she said.

"Not a bit! I am sick of working, but I shall bring my books out to-morrow morning, and I wish, instead of bathing, you would let me take you for a row."

Phyllis positively gasped at the daring of this suggestion. Then she remembered the position she had adopted, and, for his youth's sake, forgave him.

"Well, perhaps I'll think about it; but it would not do for the Fitzjeromes to discover it; they are very particular people."

"So I've heard," replied the stranger. "There's the old man, a widower, isn't he, with one daughter?"

"Yes; his sister chaperones Miss Phyllis and keeps house."

"I suppose they have a lot of money. Several fellows I know say the daughter is tremendously spoilt and run after—rather conceited than otherwise."

"Oh, yes," replied the mermaid; "Miss Phyllis is very stuck up, I suppose, on account of being so pretty."

"I bet a thousand to one she isn't half as pretty as you."

The swimmer had reached the steps.

She ignored his remark.

"Miss Phyllis," she declared, "is always most kind and considerate to me."

"Who could help being?"

"You can row away," with a wave of the white arm; "I'm going back to the stables by the side path."

He raised his hat.

"I shall be here to-morrow—on the chance of your honoring me," he said.

She waited till he was out of sight, then skipped across the lawn, her face dimpled with mischievous smiles.

"The coachman's daughter is a very bold, bad girl," she said, "and I should not be the least surprised if she meets him again to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

Sydney Hamilton knew he was acting foolishly, but had no power to resist the fascinations of the coachman's daughter. The books were almost daily neglected between five and seven in the morning, while he sought the sweet companionship of the early bird, who had not failed once to keep her tryst.

Then, when later he wooed study, a bright face, with laughing eyes, ever disturbed his suit, the memory of which lingered unfailingly in his mind.

Phyllis enjoyed the mischief to her

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heart's content, for this free and easy companionship was something new to the carefully guarded girl. She had told him to call her "Floss"—it seemed a suitable sort of name for the *rôle* she had undertaken.

One morning they were drifting lazily down stream, Sydney resting on his oars, Phyllis steering, and a pile of unopened books at the bottom of the boat.

"I hear," he said, "there is to be a grand ball up at the house in honor of Miss Fitzjerome's birthday."

"Yes. Some people are lucky," sighed Floss, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"A friend of mine, Jack North, was telling me all about it," continued Sydney. "There are to be illuminations. What an ideal garden to illuminate, by Jove! and everything will be done regardless of expense."

"Mr. North seems to know a good deal about it," remarked Floss dryly. "Did he tell you it was to be a masked ball?"

"Yes; for he's going, of course, and has offered to take me."

Phyllis let the rudder-lines drop, and sat bolt upright.

"Take *you!*" she gasped.

"Yes, me; you don't object surely?"

"I do," retorted the coachman's daughter, two bright tears of vexation coming in her eyes as she thought of the moment of exposure. "You are my friend—you swore to be, that morning, before I ventured into your boat. Have you forgotten your solemn oath so soon?"

"Indeed, no, Floss, dear," and his eyes grew tender as he spoke; "but why should the thought of my going to the dance trouble you? I go to heaps of dances in London, and I assure you it does me no moral harm," he added, with a laugh.

"It isn't that," she protested, interlacing her fingers nervously. "I don't want you to meet Miss Phyllis. You'll be making friends with her, and forgetting me. I'm jealous of Miss Phyllis, and I won't believe in your friendship or ever meet you again unless you promise to give up the dance."

"Oh, bother Miss Phyllis! I take no interest in her. I hear she is very overrated, and, from all accounts, not my style in the least. I hate the sort of girl who expects every man who crosses her path to fall down and worship. I like my sweet, merry little Floss, with the dimples in her cheeks."

"Yet you are still hankering after this ball."

"Yes; and for a reason I may not say. I know a secret, and I give you my word of honor I am simply going to watch as one would at a play."

"A secret!" Her eyes lit up. "A secret! Oh, Sydney, you *must* tell me!"

"No, it would not be honorable."

Phyllis snapped her fingers in the air.

"What a sentiment to quote to a woman!" she cried, with an hysterical little laugh. "Sydney, can you look in my face, and doubt me when I pledge my word never to repeat the secret if you will give it into my keeping? I shall never believe in you again, never meet you here, never smile to show you the dimples, unless you entrust me with your reason for wishing to attend the Fitzjeromes' ball."

Gradually the woman prevailed; and, with fast-beating heart, she listened to Sydney's explanation.

"Well—you see," he began, lowering his voice, "North told me, because, in old days, he was a pal of Mrs. Fitzjerome."

"Miss Phyllis's mother?" stammered Floss, thinking sorrowfully of the foreign grave she had never seen.

"Yes; the woman who is supposed to be dead."

"Supposed!" gasped Floss, paling beneath her becoming sunburn. "But Mrs. Fitzjerome died in India some fourteen years ago."

"That is the general idea—the first part of the secret."

"Go on."

The girl's voice sounded strangled.

"Old Fitzjerome is a queer fellow—awfully proud—and all that; can't endure scandal. Do you guess?

"Well, when his wife deserted him he came quietly back to England with his little girl, gave out that his wife had died of

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fever, and continued the even tenor of his way, while Mrs. F. amused herself—under an assumed name—at the other side of the globe. I believe even the daughter has been kept in ignorance, and does not suspect her mother's existence."

Phyllis made no remark, for the simple reason that she could not speak. The man's words stunned her; she felt faint, bewildered. It made clear so much which had puzzled her in the past.

"This is why father guards me so rigidly," she thought. "There is the wild strain in the blood. He has always said I resemble my mother."

At last she found her voice.

"It is—very—interesting," she murmured, almost incoherently.

"But the exciting part is to come," continued Sydney. "Fancy, Mrs. Fitzjerome is in England without her husband's knowledge, and, what's more, is coming to the ball!"

Phyllis gave a little cry.

HE CAME BACK TO ENGLAND WITH HIS LITTLE GIRL.

"Yes; surprising, isn't it?" said the man. "But then she is a dare-devil woman, and would not stick at anything. She wants to see the old home again, just a whim; or, more likely, she is doing it for a bet. She will be masked, of course. North has promised to point her out to me. I am to look for a tall woman in a scarlet domino, wearing a cluster of jasmine on her shoulder. She swears she will dance with her husband without his recognizing her. Like the story of Cinderella, she has arranged to escape before twelve, in order to avoid unmasking. A carriage will be waiting at the far gate, beyond the shrubbery, to carry her away. Is it not romantic?"

Phyllis did not answer.

"So you see," he went on, "I am just going to drop in as a spectator, and watch the farce."

"You call it a farce," she said, with flashing eyes; "I call it a tragedy!"

"Well, I think yours is the better word," he agreed.

"Sydney," cried Floss excitedly, "you may go to the dance without causing me a single jealous pang, if you will promise to leave before they unmask. I don't want you to see Miss Phyllis, because I know you would fall in love with her."

"I shall not wish to stay after the scarlet domino leaves. I am only going out of curiosity, and afterward I will tell you all about it."

"You need not trouble," replied Phyllis, in a strange, far-away voice, "for I shall be there, too. Yes," looking up fearlessly into his eyes, "you've given me an idea. I'll masquerade, and they will never recognize me; but more than one domino will have to vanish before twelve."

"Would you dare, Floss?"

"Indeed I would. Don't you know I have a very independent nature?" Her voice shook; she had turned strangely pale.

"You look ill," he said. "Is anything the matter?"

"My head aches, and throbs terribly; there must be thunder about. Please row me back quickly. I can't help thinking

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of poor Miss Phyllis, with such a mother living!"

Two large tears strayed under the coachman's daughter's curling lashes, but she dashed them away with her hand.

"What a sympathetic soul it has!" said Sydney, as if he were speaking to a child.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER that morning Floss did not appear again.

Sydney waited patiently each day, but disappointment followed disappointment.

The examination came off, but his thoughts were with Floss, and he forgot to be anxious as to the result.

As the day of the dance approached, Phyllis Fitzjerome grew strangely nervous and perturbed. Her father noticed this in her, and remarked on it to his sister.

"Yes," said that lady gravely, "I, too, have observed something strange in the dear child's manner. She seems to have something on her mind."

As they were talking, Phyllis broke into the room excitedly. "How do you like my domino, father; it has just come?"

She stood before him in a gown and hood of crimson satin.

"I am going to wear a cluster of jasmine on my left shoulder," she added.

Her father kissed her, and touched the girlish cheek affectionately.

"Why jasmine, Phyllis, dear?"

He saw she was unnaturally flushed.

"My favorite flower, father."

"It was your mother's favorite, too."

"Then she would be glad to see me wear it, if she could be at the ball," said Phyllis.

"Her mind is always running on her mother now," he said, as the red domino flitted away. "Poor child!"

As Phyllis Fitzjerome (the truant wife) drove down to the Thames Valley on the night of her daughter's ball, a strange medley of emotions played upon every string of her physical composition.

This was the drive she had taken as a girl, after a brief honeymoon; and to-night she was to steal like a ghost to the old haunt she had deserted.

The carriage had reached the long drive, where a crowd of vehicles moved slowly to the hall door, thrown open before a blaze of light. In the garden a thousand lamps made brightness among the trees.

"And here are assembled all the rank and fashion of the neighborhood," said the stranger, as she entered her home. "How madly merry they will think a masked ball."

Suddenly a hand was laid on her sleeve, and the voice of her husband said:

"Look after the people, Phyllis."

She started. Could it be he had recognized her, and spoke in biting sarcasm?

To hide her confusion she laughed—a low, silvery sound like far-away music.

The man dropped her arm.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY DOMINO, FATHER?"

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"You laughed so like your mother then," he added quickly, as he turned away.

While she pondered his words, the second scarlet domino with the sweet-scented jasmine came in sight.

"A queer coincidence," murmured the woman. "That must be my little Phyllis, grown up. She is dressed like me, and he mistook us. But can it be chance?"

She furrowed her brow under the black mask, remembering she had confided her secret to Jack North.

"Sydney," whispered a voice in Mr. Hamilton's ear.

"Floss!" He turned quickly.

"I knew you," said the girl, "from your blue forget-me-not, picked from the river's edge. I see you have been dancing with the other red domino.

"Yes; your voices are so alike I thought she was you for the moment. Why did you copy her?"

"Less chance of discovery. I'm quaking with fear; but I do think gentlemen make delightful partners. I want you to be sure and come for me at a quarter to twelve, that I may slip away through the garden. We will say good-night at the gate by the scarlet domino's carriage. You won't fail?"

"No; but you must give me many dances first, I have so much to ask you. Why have you suddenly dropped me?"

She waved him aside.

"At a quarter to twelve," she repeated, and slipped away in the crowd.

Sydney felt piqued. He did not ask her to dance again, but kept an anxious eye on the clock. A few moments before the appointed time he claimed her. She put her arm through his, and saying, "Come along," hurried toward the garden.

"Shall we sit here?" he suggested, pointing to a seat in shadow.

"No," she answered shortly, and her voice trembled. "Follow me."

He obeyed.

"See, there are the carriage lights. Mrs. Fitzjerome will be here in a moment."

She drew him behind a large oak-tree.

"Do you believe I can make her unmask?"

"No, Floss, I do not."

"Then wait and see. Take that lantern from the bough, and give it to me. Thanks. Hush! I hear footsteps. Stay where you are."

Alone the masked figure came stealing down the garden path.

As she approached, Phyllis (the younger), lantern in hand, darted forward.

"Let me see your face," she whispered, "and I will show you mine."

The scarlet dominos stood side by side in the moonlight. There was a painful pause.

The mother knew in whose presence she stood, guessing from her daughter's voice why she asked to see her face.

"What do you know?" came the brief reply.

"Nothing. It is better, is it not, to know nothing? I only ask to see you—just this once. Oh, have you no wish to see me?"

The girl's voice broke in a strangely pathetic way.

"Yes—Phyllis."

Simultaneously they threw aside their masks; the lantern shed a bright light on both faces.

The older woman's eyes were flashing curiously. The girl, deathly white, looked up, riveting her gaze on the mother she had believed dead.

They remained without speaking a word, neither hands nor lips meeting.

The moon sailed majestically behind a cloud, the lantern flickered, and distant voices warned them. One scarlet domino moved away, the other—the other remained.

"Floss, why are you standing there, as if you were turned to stone?"

She turned quickly at the sound of the voice.

"Sydney," she whispered, and before she fully realized his intention he had clasped his arms about her. For an instant she resisted, and then, bending her head, she burst into tears.

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"Floss, what is it?" he exclaimed. "It's unnerved you meeting that woman."

The girl made no immediate answer.

"Sydney," she said, abruptly, "she's a bad woman. Oh, I could see it in her face—a hard, selfish woman. And—and her daughter——?"

"It's no fault of hers," he interrupted.

"You think that?" the girl asked. "You really think that? You think no worse of—of Miss Phyllis for her mother?"

"No, no; certainly not; that is, so far as I think of Miss Fitzjerome at all. She's nothing to me."

Phyllis tried ineffectually to release herself.

"Floss," the young fellow continued, "you know whom it is that I think of a million times more than Miss Fitzjerome. I want you to marry me, Floss. You will, sweetheart? Say you will."

"A coachman's daughter, Sydney?"

"The sweetest and best girl in the world, coachman's daughter or not. I've been ploughed for the exam., Floss. Your face danced between the lines, and—oh, but I'll pass it next shot, if you'll only promise me a great big promise."

"Sydney, I must be going. I've been here so long, and——"

"But the promise?"

"To-morrow morning. Just as before by the edge of the lawn. If you ask me I'll answer you while we're on the river. Now you must let me go. You—you can go back to the house, if you like. I'll let you off your promise. I—I want you to go in, and—and in turn unmask. That's your way. I'm going by this path."

* * * * * *

Phyllis, surrounded by her friends in the full glory of their hitherto concealed toilettes, was making her apologies for being absent at the ceremony of unmasking.

"How pale you are," they said.

"It was the heat of the domino," she replied.

"The lady of the house looks as if she had seen a ghost," one man remarked to Sydney Hamilton.

"Does she? I'm sorry to say I've not been introduced to my hostess. Will you point out Miss Fitzjerome?"

"Yes; there she is in white and pearls. Come along, I'll introduce you to her."

She was looking his way. Their eyes met, and he saw the anxiety that possessed her of how he would awaken to the discovery of her true identity.

"JUST AS BEFORE BY THE EDGE OF THE LAWN."

Quietly following his friend, he reached the girl, and was formally introduced.

"Let me congratulate you, Miss Fitzjerome, on the success of your dance," he said, and then, as they stood for a moment alone, he added softly:

"Not to-morrow, but now; I want my answer now, Floss."

She looked at him for an instant, and, with a smile, she nodded her head. Then, as though she had conceded more than she had intended, she turned and was lost in the crowd of guests.

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Photo by Browning, Portland, Ore.

RAILROAD AND CHUTE.

WONDERS OF THE LUMBER INDUSTRY.

By F. S. Livingstone.

A railroad which passes an enormous quantity of freight and yet does not possess a single car is situated in the Cascade Mountains, Oregon, in the heart of what has been until a comparatively recent date an almost inaccessible region. The length of the railroad is five miles, and it circles and twists in that distance until it resembles the trail of a mammoth serpent. It represents the most difficult achievement of the lumbermen of Oregon.

The only feature of the road, except the line itself, that resembles the ordinary narrow-gauge railroad is the eighteen-ton Baldwin locomotive, which is the power that moves the freight. The freight itself consists entirely of logs, which are cut from the trees felled by the red-shirted lumbermen in the employ of the Bridal Veil Lumber Company. After being cut, the logs are rolled to the nearest point on the railroad. They are then arranged in a line, huge staples are driven into both ends of every log, and being joined by chains they form a complete train of trees. The foremost of these logs is then coupled to the engine, which hauls it and its companions upon the road-bed of the line.

The railroad is narrow gauge, three feet wide, and is constructed on the same principle as that adopted by the regulation roads using ordinary cars, with one exception. Stout planks are nailed to the ties, and it is upon this foundation that the logs rest as the engine pulls them along. The rails act as guards to prevent the logs from leav-

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Photo by Browning, Portland, Ore.

A TRAIN OF LOGS.

ing the track. In this manner the timber is conveyed from the point at which the engine picks it up to the beginning of the two-mile flume that leads from the end of the first section of the road to what is called the chute pond, a small body of water located about a half-mile from the mill where the logs are turned into lumber.

In order that the logs may slip easily along the roadbed, the planks nailed to the ties are kept thoroughly greased at sharp grades, where the momentum of the logs is sufficient to cause them to slide easily. As the road is located on a mountain-side, where the declivity is often so great as to make a straight descent of the line impossible, for the reason that if it were tried the logs would slide forward upon the engine, the road has been constructed largely on the plan of that by which the tourist ascends Pike's Peak in Colorado. The curves are in many instances so abrupt that to the uninitiated it seems as if the logs must slide over the rails to the ground, but disaster of this kind is avoided by the chain that binds the logs in one long string. Fastened in this way the logs have the same solidity that the vestibule imparts to the modern train of passenger cars.

The roadbed, or rather its foundation,

Photo by Browning, Portland, Ore.

A HALF-WAY STATION.

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is not, of course, like that of the great lines over which passenger and freight cars roll, but although roughly constructed, it is of great strength, as it has need to be, considering the weight of the immense logs that travel over it. Wherever possible the wear and tear on the road is relieved by means of a chute. At various points in the descent of the mountain-side the line ends abruptly at a runway that takes the logs down to a pond, along which they are guided by a detail of men until the end of the channel is reached, when a second locomotive that is waiting for the train of logs is hitched to them, and they are drawn from the water up an incline to where the track is found again, and so begin their journey once more on the railroad.

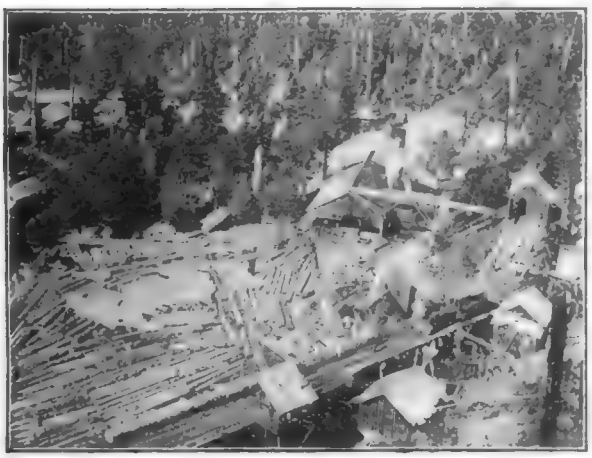

Photo by Browning, Portland, Ore.

A MOUNTAIN LUMBER YARD.

At the lower end of the road the line ends in a final waterway, where the process described above is repeated until the line that carries them to the mill is reached. From this lower pond the line runs without break to the point where the logs are turned over to the sawyers. After the process of turning the felled trees is completed, the lumber is shot into a flume like the one previously described, which leads from the saw-mill to the planing-mill two miles below. It is claimed by the lumber company that nowhere else is a log felled, transported, and converted into lumber in so short a time, considering the distance from the point where the tree grew, to the planing-mill, where the logs reappear in the guise of finished lumber.

Out of the lumber forests of Minnesota there has just emerged a strange hybrid creation in the locomotive line that is destined to work as complete a revolution in lumber operations as the use of steam has already worked in the hauling of logs by railway. The new engine, which was the creation of a lumberman, and constructed in the lumber regions for the express purpose of solving the difficulty of transporting huge logs over trackless sections of country, is at present a very crude affair, but the inventor has had the foresight to get the machinery patented, so that he will be able to improve on his unique device at his leisure.

The engine is a combination of wheels and runners, the revolving agency working in harmony with the sliding foundation to make the most of the advantages offered by a snow-covered road to a locomotive that is the heaviest of travellers and does the most ponderous transportation work of any road carrier.

Mr. F. S. Farr, the inventor, who is a Minneapolis man and an experienced lumber-dealer, describes his invention as follows:

"The most important part of the engine is the wheel that grips the ground. On the rim of this wheel are calk plates, shaped something like a horseshoe. These calk plates are hinged to the rim of the wheel, and when the wheel revolves it rolls on the plates, crushing them squarely to the ground, and as it proceeds picks up each plate and returns it to the original position to await its turn in the revolving of the wheel to reach the earth again. With these plates on, wheel-slipping is impossible. The ground is clutched tightly, inequalities of the surface are overcome, and the slippery nature of the snow-covered pathway through which the engine has to travel is helpful rather than the reverse to

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the progress of the train, for the reason that the engine is on a sled and slides along easily as fast as the big wheels revolve over the ground."

The shoes on the wheel pass through each other when working, rocking out all obstructions and preventing any filling up with mud or snow. It was demonstrated that the engine could draw from four to eight loads of logs, twenty-five to thirty-five feet long, at one trip.

The machine was constructed quietly in the woods with such devices as were needed from the outside carried to the scene of operations, and, where it could possibly be done, the crude material at the disposal of the woodsmen was used. Consequently there is a "home-made" look about the engine that adds to its quaintness and interest.

It was at first intended to use other power than steam, but lack of time prevented the construction of the proper machinery, and so it became necessary to add another sleigh to the rear of the engine to carry a boiler.

When a new machine is built on the lines of this hastily constructed one, the whole engine will be placed on one sled, making it more compact and less unsightly than the one shown in the photograph. Lumbermen in all the northern country are watching with the greatest interest the development of Mr. Farr's idea. There is no reason why larger and more powerful traction engines of the same pattern could not be built, and the entire mass of lumber cut in the Northwest moved by this means.

A LUMBER ENGINE ON SNOW-SHOES.

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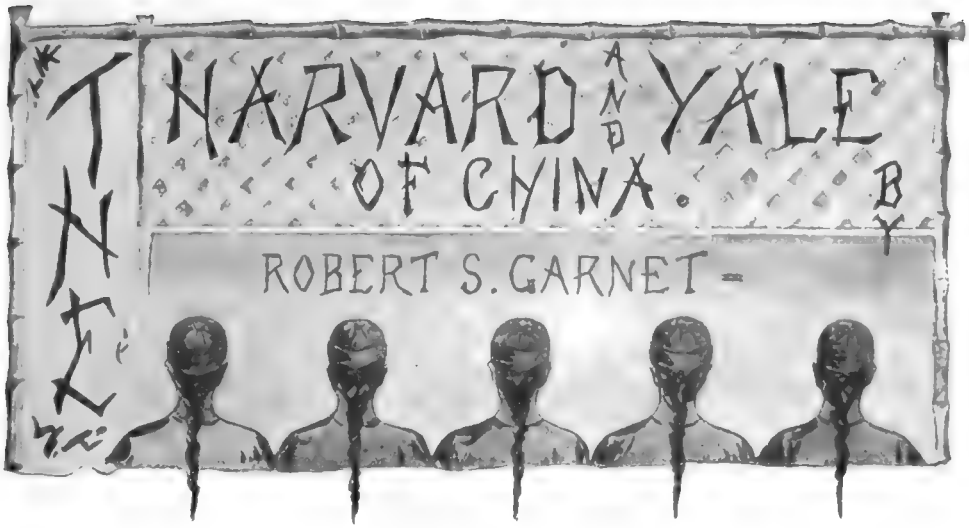

Two thousand two hundred years before Christ, when Greece was in the earliest stages of the legendary period, when the processes which led to the formation of the Roman Empire may be said to have been unborn, and when America was unknown, there existed in China a rough system of competitive examinations for public posts, which was the origin of the triennial examinations which take place in Peking at the present day.

The system owes its birth to a saying of the ancient sages expressed in four syllables: *Chu hien jin neng*—"Employ the able and promote the worthy." The earliest authentic record of these tests is that of the Great Shun, the Emperor who insisted upon a rigorous examination of his officers every third year, after which they were either promoted or dismissed the service.

After the lapse of over a thousand years, at the commencement of the Chow dynasty (1115 B.C.) candidates were examined as well as officers, and reliable evidence is obtained as to the character of the curriculum.

Candidates, before entering office, were supposed to prove themselves proficient in what were known as the "six arts"—*li*, *yo*, *shay*, *yu*, *shu*, and *su*—music, archery, horsemanship, writing, arithmetic, and the rites and ceremonies of public and social life.

In the course of another thousand years the range of subjects had become largely extended, chiefly due to the influence exercised upon the nation by the Confucian ethics, for we find that the government required the district magistrates to send up men who were noted in their districts for filial piety and integrity—*hiao* and *lien*.

During the era of the Tangs and the Sungs—the latter being about the time when Alfred was laying the rough foundation of English jurisprudence—the standard of literary attainment in China was greatly elevated. The graduates were arranged in three classes, and the officials in nine—a classification which exists in the present day.

To-day the primitive tests instituted by that excellent Emperor Shun have expanded into a gigantic system, the growth of four thousand years, but the increased number of tests has developed a system of "cram," with its accompanying superficiality. Instead of being compelled, as candidates were in the ancient days, to be expert horsemen, crack shots, and poets who were bound to sing songs of their own composition to the accompaniment of their own guitars, the examiners are now satisfied with learned essays on these subjects.

Indeed, the student has little time for anything else, considering that he is supposed to commit to memory the whole of the recognized Chinese classics (and their

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name is legion), and that he has also to get through a long course of reading, so as to enable him to answer such a question as: "How do the rival schools of Wang and Chang differ in respect to the exposition of the meaning and the criticism of the text of the Book of Changes?" or such a poser as this: "Give an account of the circulating medium under different dynasties, and state how the currency of the Sung dynasty corresponded with our use of paper money at the present day."

There are three grades of examinations in China, similar to our own preliminary, intermediate, and final in laws, and they are named *siu-tsai*, *chü-jin*, and *tsin-shi*, or "Budding Geniuses," "Promoted Scholars," and those who are "Ready for Office." For the first examination there are about seventy centres in each province, each under the control of a sub-chancellor, the whole province being under the jurisdiction of a chancellor.

At each centre the average number of scholars varies from one to two thousand, and males of all ages may be seen among them, from the aspiring youth whose life lies before him, to the aged man who, undaunted by the disappointments of half a century, still hopes to obtain the literary degree. They are shut up for a night and a day in narrow cells resembling horse stalls, and they each produce a poem and an essay on subjects assigned by the chancellor.

Fearing that precomposed aids to composition might be smuggled in by the candidates for the *siu-tsai*, the examiners see that each is duly searched. The discovery of anything of the kind not only leads to the immediate punishment of the offender by expulsion, and further by being prohibited from ever again competing, but also to the punishment of the unfortunate boy's father and tutor.

The hall in which the examinations are held at Peking is situated not far from the

THE STUDENTS ARE SHUT UP ALL NIGHT IN NARROW CELLS RESEMBLING HORSE STALLS.

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observatory, and contains 10,000 cells, which number is far from affording full accommodation for the hosts of candidates that often present themselves. The Examination Hall at Canton has about 9,000 cells, and being some 1,330 feet in length and 583 feet wide, covers over sixteen acres.

It should be explained that the cells are very low and uncomfortable, and no attempt is made to ameliorate the lot of the student by providing him with either heat or clothing. They are smaller than the ordinary stateroom on an Atlantic liner, and the plank which forms their single article of furniture has to serve both as table and bed. It is not surprising that confinement in these miserable cells should prove a severe strain on the health of the boys, and even cause the death of the aged student, who is unable to withstand the exposure and the severe physical trial in addition to the mental strain that he is already undergoing.

No ceremony attends the death of a competitor. The body is carried from the cell and casually thrust through a hole in the enclosure, where it remains until his friends appear and carry it away for burial.

There are, however, larger rooms for examiners, and elevated stages for the police, the whole inclosed with a high wall coped with prickly thorns. Several days are occupied in examining the papers, and then about twenty whose manuscripts are distinguished by superior penmanship and literary ability are selected for the degree of "Budding Genius," the successful candidates being also entitled to wear the decorations of the lowest grade in the corporation of mandarins.

There is no pecuniary advantage attached to the success, but the honor is considered superior to any material gain, and the scholar is henceforth a man of note in his village.

The examination for the second degree, that of *chü-jin*, or "Promoted Scholar," is held in the capital of the province, and out of those who compete only one per cent. can be admitted to the degree. Three days are taken over this competition, and special examiners are sent into the provinces from Peking to conduct it. The tests in this, as in the preliminary examination, are compositions in prose and verse, but they cover a wider range of subjects, and are more abstruse in character.

A STUDENT RESTORING TO THE WATER FISH BOUGHT ALIVE IN THE MARKET.

This examination is conducted with the most perfect impartiality. The examiners have no clue to the authors of the papers, as the latter are copied out by an official scribe. Penmanship, therefore, is not one of the tests for the aspirant to the degree of the "Promoted Scholar."

If he succeeds he is looked upon as one

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among ten thousand, and his mandarin's cap is adorned with a gilded button of a higher grade.

The "Promoted Scholars" are examined at Peking for the *tsin-shi*, or those who have taken the degree which makes them "Ready for Office." The keenest interest is taken in this examination, as success in it means office, and material recompense for years of devoted study.

If the student is superstitious (and a great many from the provinces are) he does all in his power, prior to the examination, to propitiate the gods. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who has had a larger experience of Chinese students than any other foreigner, in his "Cycle of Cathay," says: "Students who are dubious as to their intellectual equipment are, as the day approaches, especially careful of their moral conduct. In lieu, however, of the weightier matters of the law, they are apt to substitute such humane acts as the rescue of ants that are struggling in the mud, the release of mice caught in a trap, or the restoration to their watery element of fish purchased alive in the market. Any one of these acts inspires immense confidence, and who shall say that it has no effect on the results of the competition?"

THE SCHOLAR LAUREATE.

Success in this examination means an immediate official position, either in the capacity of mayor or sub-mayor in a provincial city, or sub-chancellor in the local examinations, with a chance of becoming the highest official in the realm. Lots are drawn for the vacant posts, and then the honors are impartially distributed.

There is yet a higher honor to which the student may aspire, and that is membership of the Imperial Academy or Hanlin, a body which stands at the head of the *literati* of China. Out of two or three hundred successful *tsin-shi*, about twenty usually succeed in winning this distinction, and out of these the student who is noted for the highest scholarship and the most elegant handwriting is selected by the Emperor as the scholar laureate.

It is interesting to note that Li Hung Chang, in his younger days, was considered one of the finest penmen of the Empire, and he still retains his skill in this direction.

It is greatly to be regretted that in matters of science the Chinese are very far behind Western nations.

The only branch which they take a slight interest in is that of astronomy, which was introduced by the Jesuits about two and a quarter centuries ago, and led to the establishment of the fine observatory on the walls of Peking.

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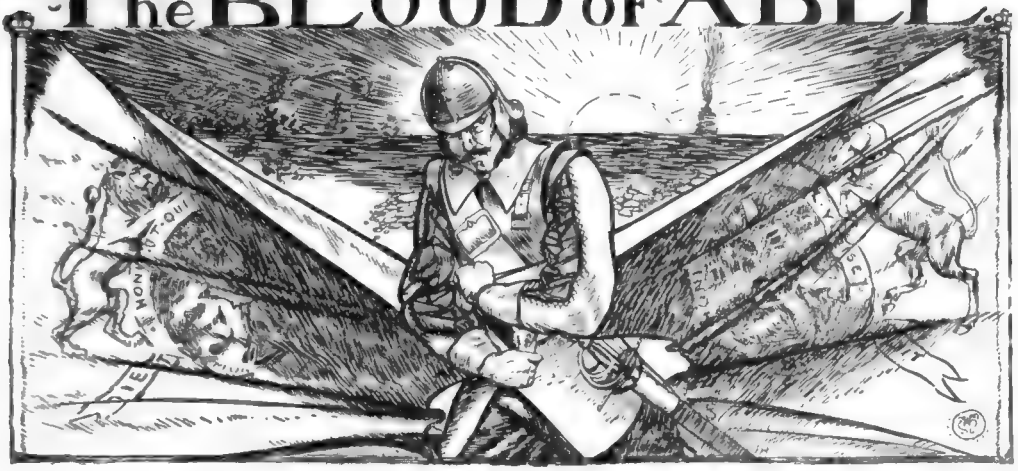
The BLOOD of ABEL



THE TALE OF THE KING'S EXECUTIONER.

By Tom Vidd.

Charles Stuart, once styled King, died to-day on the scaffold before Whitehall, and I slew him: I, Nathaniel Blewitt, a gentleman of Devon, serving of late in the armies of Fairfax and Cromwell.

At one blow of the keen axe the false head rolled from his shoulders, and the innocent blood was avenged.

I have prayed for the day. It came at last, and, by the grace of God, mine was the hand to lay him low.

I begged the office from the great Cromwell. "Thou art a good soldier of the Lord, Blewitt," he said; "what is thy will?"

"They say the King is to die," I answered; "I ask that I may wield the axe."

He paled a little, then frowned, but answered quietly:

"'Tis a low office, Blewitt, and methinks thou wast once a gentleman. Why dost thou hate him so?"

Then I told him my story, the tale that I have here set down.

My father was a gentleman of good estate, who died in the first year of our Civil Wars.

He lived at home in Devonshire in ease and contentment, prizing greatly his hounds and hawks, and caring little for the big world beyond our village.

He had two sons, of whom I was the elder, born in the year seventeen. My brother Henry, two years younger, left us at the age of twenty to study law at Gray's Inn, in the city of London.

He was a quiet lad, thoughtful and studious, while I loved sports more than books; yet were we close friends, and inseparable as boys.

Our mother died at my brother's birth, and we had all our father's affection. I think 'twas my brother he loved most; and he was sore troubled at losing him. Yet 'twas Hal's own desire to go, and my father would not balk him.

We were no great politicians at home. From Hal's letters we knew that King and Parliament were at loggerheads, but it came as a surprise to us when we learned that the King had set up his standard at Nottingham, and open war was declared.

"Thou must go, Nath," said my father. "The Blewitts were always King's men, and we'll get thee a troop of horse from near home. The crop-headed Parliament rabble won't stand before the men of

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Devon. Thou knowest, lad, I'd be with thee but for this cursed gout."

The dear old man was excited at the news, and pleased himself with the thought of titles and advancement in reward of our loyalty.

He began eagerly to run over the names of those who should join our troop.

"Oxenham's two boys, Bill Moon, John Cottey, Henry Pincombe—get paper, Nath, and set 'em down."

So we went very happily to the work of recruiting and drilling. My father was never in more cheerful spirit, but, alas! in a week came the news that Hal had joined the forces of the Parliament, and was marching under Earl Essex to fight against his King.

It killed my father, and before I led away my new troop he was laid in the family vault beneath our old village church.

"'Twill ruin the boy, Nath," he said, sadly, a few days before his death. "The King will hang up all the rebels. Thou must get to the King, Nath, and make interest for thy brother. Tell him the lad had an honest father, but was led away by the false Parliament men.

"I'm dying, Nath," he said, later. "Get all the money thou canst on the old place, and take it to His Majesty. 'Twill come back when times grow quiet again, and the King will pardon Hal, if thou wilt do this."

I promised, and in a week after his death I rode to the house of Master Aaron Whyman, a usurer in the city of Exeter. There, after three hundred years, the Holbrook estates passed away from the Blewitt's for ever, while I rode north with sixty horsemen and twenty thousand pounds in gold to join the King.

We were poor soldiers in the early days of the wars. I knew naught of tactics, and the Parliament men were but little better, else had we never found the King.

My men were young, strong, and active—big men, and well mounted. I had known them as children, and could trust them all.

Brave they were, riding straight, and striking stout blows, but little practised with their weapons.

I was lonely and grieved at my father's death, worried and anxious about Hal, yet my spirits rose somewhat as we clattered through the gates of the old Court, and rode down the hill through the straggling street.

I thought of my father's words: "When times grow quiet again;" and I vowed I would so serve the King that he should give me Hal's pardon with other rewards.

We rode north by the swirling River Exe, passed through Tiverton, where the schoolboys came out to gaze at us, and struck east across the Blackdown into Somerset.

That first night from home we camped in the vale of Taunton, after riding thirty miles.

The horses grazed in the fields of the loyal squire of Ayshford, who came to us, and condoled with me, pressing me to join him at the Hall, but I told him I must bide with my men, who lay in the barns.

They were in good heart that night, cheerful and jovial, as indeed they were through all our campaigns, though many never saw the Devon hills again.

My own men, who had lived at the Court and grown up with me, came round me and talked of the journey before us.

"How long shall us be afore us faight, Maister Nath?" asked Moon. While Elijah Oxenham said: "He weened the King would be maighty glad to see we chaps."

We were astir betimes in the morning, and as we rode through Taunton there was more of bustle and excitement than we had yet seen.

The townsfolk were in the streets, and by the castle was a crowd, who stared at us as we passed, while some few cheered.

Deeming it better to avoid questions, we rode quickly through, and pressed on to Bridgewater.

And so by easy stages we rode on past Bristol, until on the fifth day we were beyond the city of Gloucester.

I was growing uneasy in mind, for as yet I had heard naught of the Parliament

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forces. As we approached a small town some ten miles from Gloucester, the name of which I know not, I called a halt and rode forward alone. 'Twas approaching mid October; there was a high wind, and the brown dead leaves were whirling from the trees. I entered the town at a foot pace, and rode on cautiously. The streets were deserted, and it seemed strangely quiet; while many of the houses were barricaded. Presently I approached an inn with a low archway at the entrance, and bending forward, I rode beneath it into the small yard beyond.

I called for ale, and, as the host came to me, I asked, "What news?"

He eyed me with some mistrust, but, seeming to gather confidence from my appearance, began to tell me of an engagement at Worcester three days before. "The King's horse had routed the Parliament men, but 'tis said a big battle must follow!" As we talked, two men came from the inn into the yard, and drew near to us, as if to catch our discourse.

I had never before seen their like, for they were of very martial appearance. One was a tall man, nearly as tall as I am myself, while the other was but a little man, yet stern and fierce of countenance.

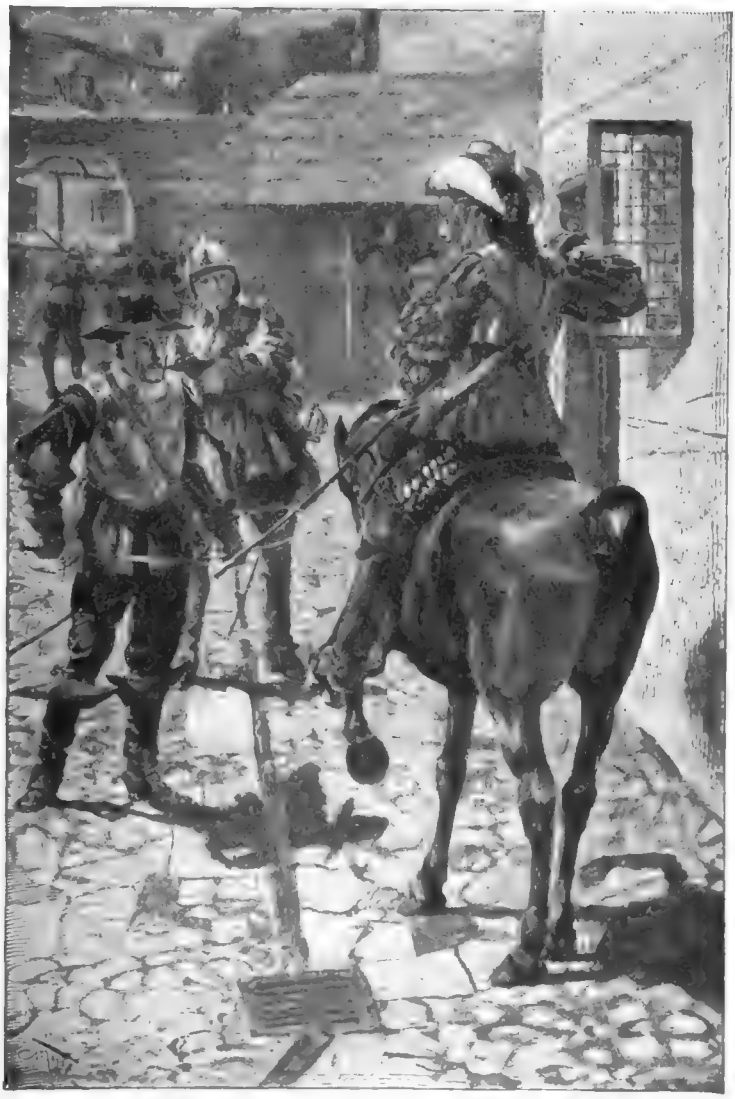
Catching my glance, the tall man came forward.

"For King or Parliament?" he asked suddenly.

"That is as maybe," I answered cautiously. "I am from the West country, and do not justly know the rights of these disputes."

"Thou'rt a likely man for a regiment of horse," he said. "The King hath betrayed his country, and all honest men are 'gainst him. Come thou with us, and we'll find thee service and advancement."

I returned some evasive answer about not caring to fight, and had raised my foot



"YOUR NAME AND BUSINESS?" SAID THE MAN, STERNLY.

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to the stirrup to mount, when the man laid his hand upon my arm.

I was of high spirit in those days, and could ill brook restraint. Impatiently I shook him off, and sprang into the saddle. As I did so, the short man, who was standing back, blew suddenly a shrill whistle, and from the street behind him came running a dozen ill-favored troopers, fully armed, who drew up across the arch to bar my passage.

Now I began to repent me of my rashness in entering the town alone, seeing myself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and my men astray without their leader.

"Your name and business?" said the short man, sternly, and as he came forward he loosened the long sword that hung trailing from his side.

At the same time I drew my own weapon, and reined back my mare until her quarters chafed the wall.

"Thy name," he exclaimed again impatiently.

"By what right dost thou ask me?" I returned, to gain time.

"Thou art in our power," he said shortly. "Answer me, or my men shall fire."

By luck I bethought me of brother Hal.

"I am the brother of an officer of Lord Essex, and my name is Blewitt. I am in haste to join him," I added, as I scanned their stern faces.

Both leaders looked surprised, and the tall man began eagerly to mutter to his companion, while methought I caught the words "true man," "high favor."

The small fierce man turned again to me, and asked:

"Why didst thou conceal thy errand?"

I shrugged my shoulders as I answered with apparent candor:

"These are troublous times. I knew ye not as true men, and feared you would trap me."

"Canst prove thy tale?" broke in his companion. I drew a horse pistol from my holster, uncocked it, and tossed it him.

On the silver handle was writ my name, Nathaniel Blewitt, Holbrook Court, Devon. He read it. "'Tis truth, Ramsay," he said, "that is Blewitt's home."

The other still looked unsatisfied.

"Essex is twelve miles hence," he said; "we can spare thee three troopers as guide, and—hark ye, young man—as guard shouldst thou prove false."

He turned to enter the house, and I saw him no more.

The tall man came to me and returned the pistol. "I am John Hayward, of London," he said. "I know thy brother; thou hast a look of him. These are troublous times, as thou sayest; but I would ill like to see Hal Blewitt's brother in trouble."

My heart warmed to him as he spoke my brother's name with a certain tenderness, and I reached him my hand. We have soft hearts in Devon, they say, and I was tempted to tell him truth.

The thought of my followers restrained me, and I asked instead what they did so far from the army.

"We are seeking information of the King," he answered. "'Tis a reconnoitring party, and we have six hundred horse in the neighborhood. The fiery little Scot is our leader, and a good one, Blewitt. We hear the King advances rapidly south. Essex will block the road to London, and we shall fight ere many days."

"Am I free to go?" I asked. "And must I have the guard your leader spoke of?"

He laughed and said:

"Colonel Ramsay is my superior, but he is a Scot and suspicious. I'll see thee started."

He called to the men and spoke to them apart. Horses were saddled, and in half an hour I was on the road again with three of the King's enemies in place of my own honest retainers.

These new followers were a sour trio. Clad in leather jerkins, they sat upon their horses like men unused to the saddle, and they had all a grave solemnity of visage, which I found diverting. I spoke little to them, for my mind was busy with plans to evade them. I bethought me that I

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must act quickly, lest my men enter the town to find me. We rode out of the town at the wrong end, and every pace took me farther from them. As we came up the slope I turned in my saddle, and, looking backward, saw some three miles away the little hill beyond which my men were posted. There was a solitary tree on the brow of this hill, and I had noted it as a landmark.

Ten minutes' gallop, I thought; but I must avoid the town, for, feeling persuasion was useless, I determined to ride for't.

We had ridden a mile. "We must push on," I said, and began to trot, breaking presently into a sharp canter. Two of the troopers dropped behind, but the third kept pace with me, and, I thought, watched me narrowly. He was the oldest of the men, a stout and dogged fellow. He was riding on the off-side at my right hand, and pressed close to me as he rode.

Herein was his undoing, for, whistling softly to divert his suspicions, I made pretence of adjusting my right spur, and suddenly seizing his left leg I unseated him, so that in a moment he was sprawling on the road.

At the instant I broke headlong into a gallop, while pistol shots rang out from the men behind.

I was never under fire before, and, I confess, disliked it.

My hat was carried away by a ball, and bareheaded I galloped on, swerving to the right to jump the loose stone wall that bordered the road.

The mare cleared it gallantly, and at the shouting of the troopers and the sound of more shots she broke into a pace which she had never equalled with the hounds at home.

A stiff fence lay before us, but our blood was up, and we charged it recklessly, landing safely in a narrow, stony lane, adown which we fled with an amazing clatter. Swerving sharply and dangerously at the lane end, I found to my consternation that we were again in the main street of the town, near to the inn at which my troubles commenced.

An officer was in the street, struggling to mount a restive horse. As he rose to the saddle we dashed by, upsetting horse and man. Of the rest of that mad gallop I remember little. More than once I was under fire ere I cleared the town, and when more horsemen appeared, I drew my sword with the determination of dying hard.

THAT NIGHT I SAW CHARLES STUART.

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A cry of "Maister Naith!" restrained me, and to my joy I saw Moon and Pincombe on the way to seek their leader. "Back," I shouted; "mount, all of you."

The lust of battle was on me, and I was sore tempted to lead my men into the town; but remembering the words of Hayward, "six hundred strong," and reflecting that I should reach the King with my troops intact, I forbore.

We rode north at a sharp pace, and in an hour fell in with the King's outposts near Banbury.

That night I saw Charles Stuart for the first time. 'Tis well the future is hid from us. He received me graciously, and accepted my gold gratefully, while I, who was to slay him scarce seven years after, kneeled humbly.

"Nathaniel Blewitt," he said pleasantly, "your courage and devotion shall not be forgotten in the years to come. In the meantime I would give you the honor of knighthood."

"May it please your Majesty to reserve all rewards," I answered. "In the years to come I hope to beg another boon—the life and pardon of a dear brother. To the great grief of his family he has been led away by traitors, and is in arms against his King. The news has killed our father, and I, his only brother, come to you to atone for his sin by my best service."

In my mind I had rehearsed this speech a hundred times during our long ride, yet I spoke it haltingly, with a great shame.

He heard me patiently, and, methought, approvingly.

"We will hope to change your brother's mind," he said. "He bears an honored name, and should not be in such poor company. Yet he is not alone," he sighed, and continued: "You brought men with you?"

"Sixty, Sire," I answered.

"Saw you aught of the enemy?"

I began to tell him of my capture and escape, but he interrupted me, calling to his officers, who listened to me intently.

"This tall officer," said one, a young and handsome man, bravely dressed—"he told you Essex would bar our passage to London?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And they had six hundred horse twelve miles hence?"

"About twelve miles."

"I must have you with me, Master Blewitt," he said. "I want men who can sit firm and ride straight. I am Prince Rupert."

I bowed, glowing with pleasure, and asked that my men might also come under his command.

The King smiled. "Take them, Rupert," he said; and to me, "He'll find thee hard knocks, Master Blewitt. I thank thee again, thou hast already done us good service. Come, gentlemen, we will discuss this news," and with a courteous inclination he left me.

A young officer came to me, offering to show me my quarters, and we left the King's tent together. He prattled gayly of the war, but I scarce heard him. I was thinking deeply of my recent chances and of my discourse with the King. I thought how pleased my father would have been to hear of it, and grieved that I could never tell it him. Then I thought of Hal in the opposite camp, and wondered how it fared with him.

"You are anxious about your brother," said the young man at my side. "I heard your talk with the King. 'Tis all right, man; we all have friends and kinsmen on t'other side."

This comforted me, and he left me hopeful, and greatly pleased at my reception, so that I slept easier than I had done for many nights.

In the camp all was bustle, for my news had so altered the King's plans that we moved next day to Edge Hill.

Of the battle fought there I need not speak. My little troop took part in Rupert's fierce charge, and quitted them like men.

We had several sore wounded, and poor Pincombe died there.

I could scarce refrain from tears when we found him, while Moon and Oxenham wept freely.

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There was an officer of Rupert's staff, a cruel and sneering man from Wales, who laughed at my poor men's grief, and bade them cease blubbering. In my indignation, and on the spur of the moment, I buffeted him, striking him to the ground.

We met with swords next day. He was a master of the fence, and at the first pass gave me a hurt in the shoulder; but not regarding it, I beat down his guard by sheer weight of arm, and so wounded him that he never fought again.

This success gained me respect in the army, and not a little liking, for mine enemy was a bullying fellow, and many hated him.

We exchanged prisoners after the fight, and I sent letters to Hal, telling him of our father's death, and my movements since. I begged him to desist from fighting, but 'twas many months ere I had his answer.

He wrote with much affection, telling me of his grief at our loss.

"I cannot," he wrote, "quit my companions; my honor is engaged, and my brother, I know, would not have a Blewitt break his oath."

'Twas all the communication we had, but often I heard, with a melancholy satisfaction, that my brother fought well, and was greatly esteemed by his leaders.

Men said there was a Blewitt on both sides, and both were brave men.

So the war went wearily on, without decisive battles, and it came to pass that in the late summer of the year sixteen hundred and forty-four I was again in the West country with the King's army. We drove Earl Essex from before Taunton, and followed hard upon him, over the road by which I left home.

He was retreating toward the West, and as we drew near to my old home, the terrible day of my great sorrow approached.

The King's army was encamped on Maiden Down, a wild waste of common land on the borders of Devonshire, and I was sent forward with thirty horsemen to gain information of the enemy's movements.

It was a fine evening in September, and, confident in my knowledge of the county, I led my men several miles from our army.

We passed through the villages of Sampford and Halberton, and the sun was setting as we came to the head of the slope in view of the town of Tiverton.

I halted them under the cover of a small wood, and at the distance of a mile we saw the enemy's troops in full retreat through the town.

For half an hour we sat quietly in our saddles, watching the town until the last movement of the troops had ceased.

I was about to give the order to return, when from the valley below came the thud of hoofs, and, as we watched, we descried horsemen fording the little river that joins the Exe at Tiverton.

They came up from the water as the first faint haze of evening mist was rising, and we counted them as they crossed—twenty-five men. They rode quickly and directly toward us, fearing no hurt. I scarce knew how to act, but the devil prompted me to await them. I see the scene nightly in my dreams, and shall see it till I die.

In a few minutes they were at hand. I signalled to the men, and as they passed the corner of the wood we thundered down upon them. 'Twas a complete surprise, and they never rallied from the shock of our encounter. Riding straight at their leader, I cut him down with one long sweeping stroke. As men do that have a mortal hurt, he flung his arms up as he dropped from the saddle; and in the fast fading light I saw my brother's face.

How can I describe the agony of that moment, when earth and sky seemed to reel with me. I have been in hell ever since. My father's dying wishes and the efforts I had made to obey them came rushing on my mind. And this was the end, that I had killed the brother I had sworn to save.

I took no more part in that fight. Of Hal's followers a dozen lay dead, and the rest had scattered. My own men, returning from the charge, found me on the ground, dazed and stunned, with my dying brother's head upon my knee. I ordered

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them to return to camp at once—my last order as a King's officer. They obeyed, wondering, but Oxenham of my old troop stayed.

He lived an hour, and blessed me ere he died. He spoke to me in gasps, while I vainly strove to staunch the blood that welled from the great gash that had reached his lung.

"Thou hast been on the wrong side, Nath," he said. "'Tis a bad King, and his cause can never prosper for long. Don't fret so, Nath; 'tis not thy fault; 'tis the wicked King, who has set brother 'gainst brother. He's too strong for us now, and by stopping me, thou hast stopped our reinforcements. I had urgent despatches for London, but my mission has failed. Nay, don't weep, brother."

CROMWELL ROSE UP, AND, RESTING HIS HAND ON THE GREAT BIBLE THAT LAY ON THE TABLE, HE SPOKE.

"I'll take them for thee, Hal, and never serve the King again," I cried out, in an agony of remorse.

His face, o'er which the shades of death were fast stealing, lit up. He half rose.

"God bless thee, Nath," he gasped, and at the effort the red blood burst from his lips, and 'twas over.

We buried him, Oxenham and I, on the spot where he fell, but a few miles from the home where, as boys, we had played together.

I rode to London with my brother's despatches, and thereafter I fought against the King with a fierce hatred.

"Mad Blewitt," they called me, and some men said I had a devil.

Mayhap I was mad. I had but one wish. Vengeance on the man whose deeds had brought to me the brand of Cain. I exulted in his overthrow, and in the fulness of time I am at last revenged.

I told my tale to Cromwell, and he listened quietly to the end. Then he rose up, and, resting his hand upon the great Bible that lay upon the table, he spoke, while his eyes burned, and his face was as that of a prophet.

"The measure is filled up. The righteous blood shed upon the earth shall surely be required of this generation, from the blood of Abel to the blood of Zacharias."

And to me he said:

"Nathaniel Blewitt, thy wish will be granted."

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ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF HEADS.

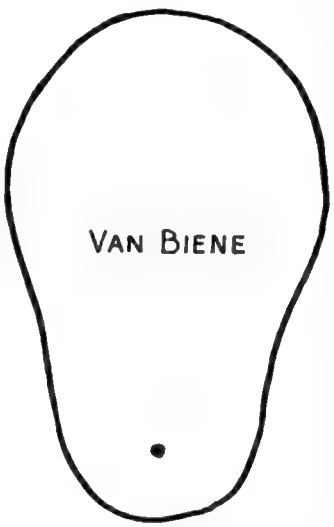
By Mulvy Ouseley.

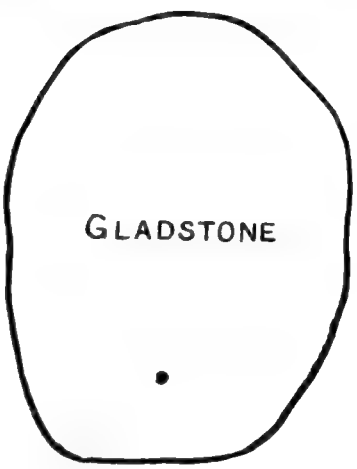
Contrasted with the heads of other animals, the shape of the human head would seem to diverge greatly in individual cases; in fact, if we are to place credence in that ingenious head-measuring instrument known as the conformateur, the difference in the form of heads is astounding.

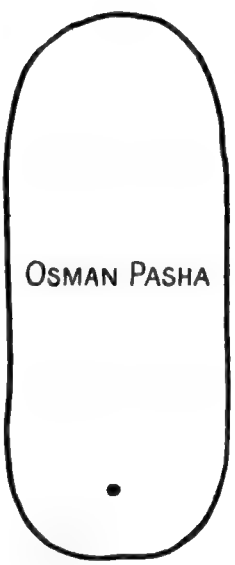
The line of diagram, however, which is traced by the conformateur when enlarged for the process of hat-making, loses what novelty there is in the original shape; but for the purposes of this article we shall abide by what the conformateur reveals.

Man, in zoölogy, is justly ranked at the summit of the animal part of the creation, while the human head, in anatomy, is rightly described as the superior portion of the human body. Thus the head is the highest form of creation. Phrenologists will tell you that character differs in the individual man, and, obviously, since the head is the seat of the brain—that centre from which is derived the inspiration of our personal characteristics—it must be assumed that the form or shape of the cranium is widely different in individual cases.

The shapes of heads here given show a curious development, in that while the







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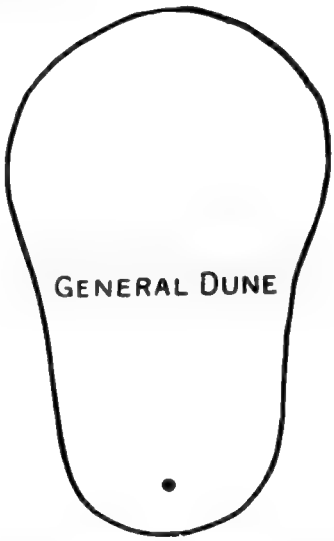


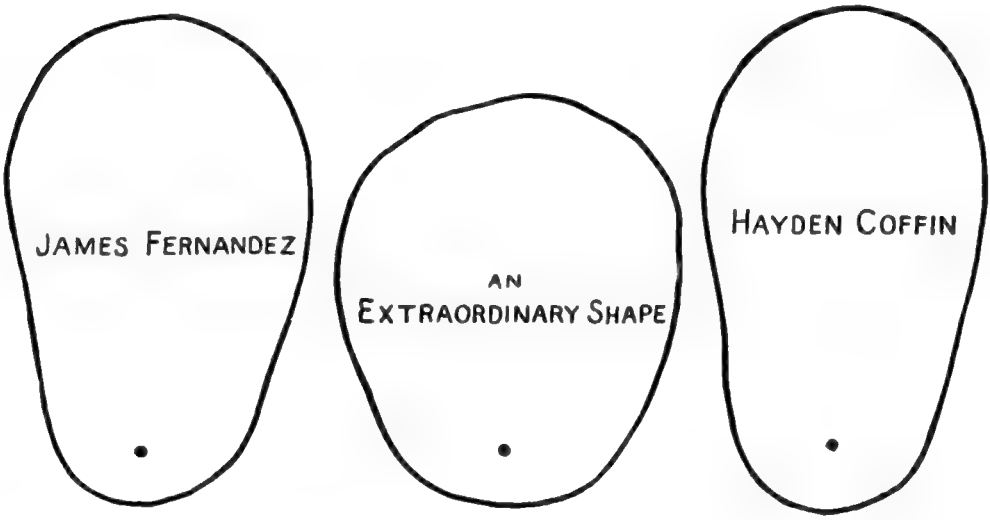
form itself is in every case different .rom its fellows, the type is preserved, is uniform.

The prominences or irregularities in the outline of, say, the oval type of head point in a measure to the occupation or mental habit of the individual, as well as to nationality. For instance, Mr. Van Biene's may be accepted as that shape of head usually found among musicians—frontal rather narrow, a depression over the ears, bold and full at the back of the head.

A good diplomatist ought to have a head shaped upon the lines of M. Waddington's —a full forehead, a depression at the side of the head, a full back agreeing with the front.

A successful actor will, upon examination, probably be found to have a head outlined as Mr. Fernandez's—fairly round in the front, a depression in the region of the temple on the left side of the head, the line on the right side of the head almost straight, the left side gracefully curved, with a round full back.

There is great similarity between the heads of Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Fernandez, an agreement which is also ex-



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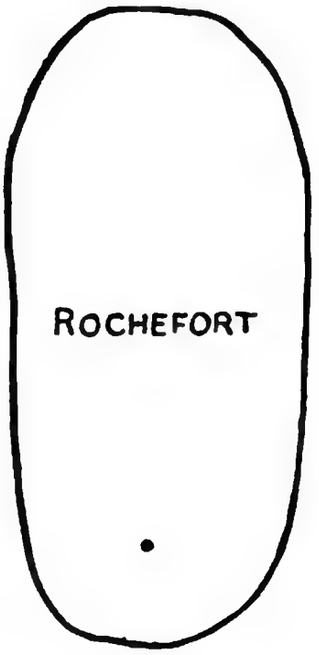
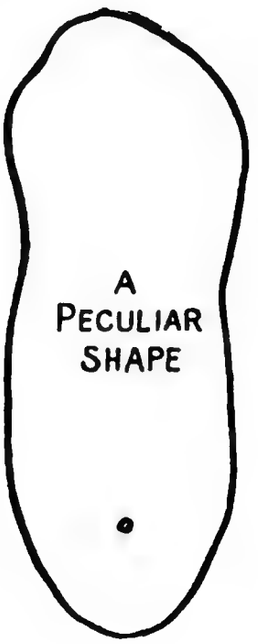
tended to the occupation of the gentlemen named.

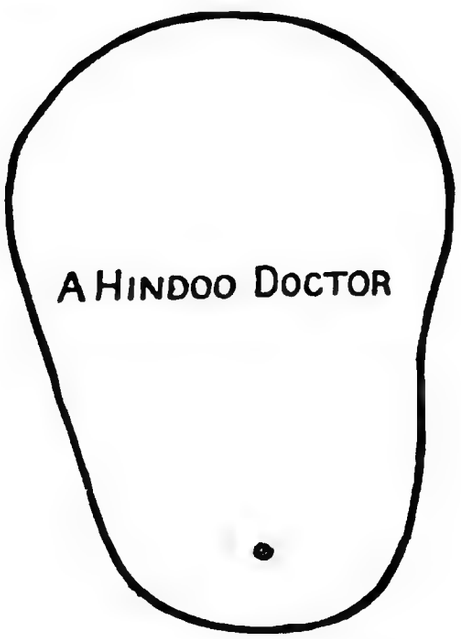
The shape marked "Journalist" is that of the average writer. It is well balanced, the front is full, showing considerable activity in the mental region; it denotes clearly that such a shape as this indicates the thinker, the deviser, the schemer of detailed work, the inventor,

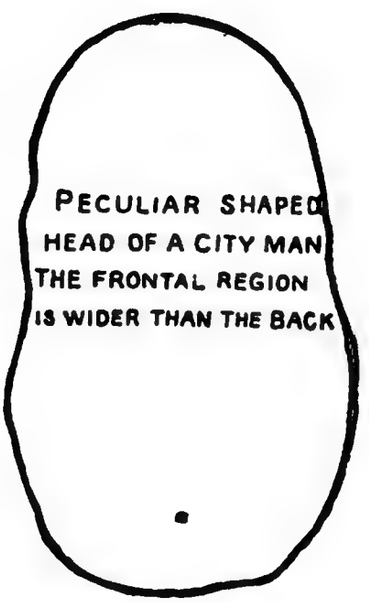




if called upon to sign their name, and who, to be brief, live and move about in a world which is entirely of their own creation. The Prince's head is very well proportioned; it shows an even temperament, a knowledge of most things that are going nowadays, caution, and foresight.

A hatter once





while the back is not slow in demonstrating that there is an even brain there. The full sides of the head show imagination.

We are enabled to give the shape of the head of the first gentleman in Europe, the Prince of Wales. It favors somewhat the type of head of gentlemen of ease, means, and leisure, who are not responsible to the world for the success of its commerce, who consider it a remarkable thing

"took" the head of a musical celebrity, when he observed a very curious development at one side. He thought the prominence was an accidental, not a phrenological, bump. Not long afterward the hatter "conformed" the head of a coachman, whose head was marked in precisely the same way as the great man's. Of a curious turn of mind, the hatter asked the Jehu if he was fond of music. The man declared his passion for

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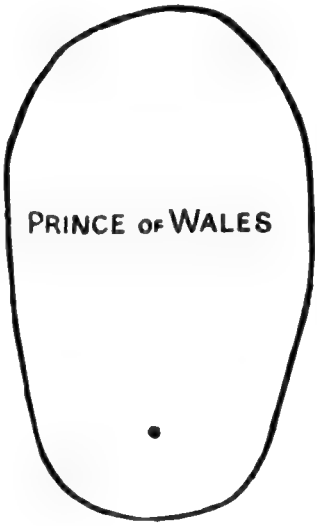
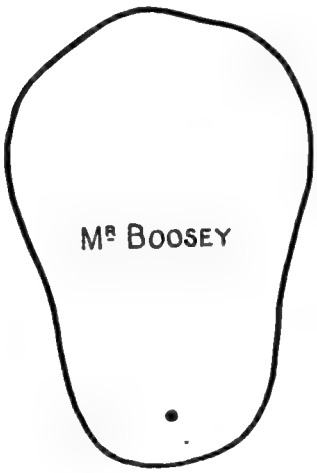
it. He played from notes, and his favorite instrument was the violin. The great man, too, was a violinist. This shows the connection between the ideal and the real.

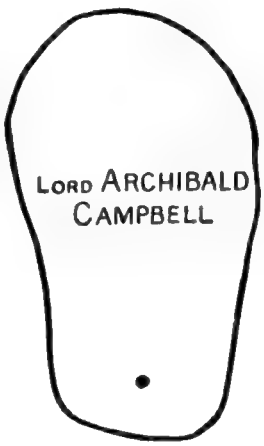
If we are to accept the theory that the successful men in various walks of life are those only who have been fortunate in selecting that path created for them by nature, then we may assume that nearly all the people whose heads are outlined here are, by virtue of their individual success in their own specific walks

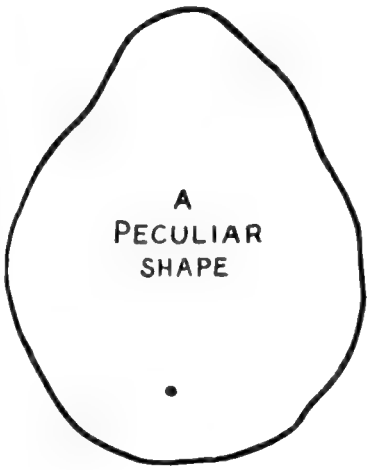


broad behind, narrow in front. The shape of the Spaniard's head is somewhat like the Frenchman's. The Scotchman's head is longer than the Englishman's, while the Australian's head is shorter than the latter's. The head of the average American is long and thin, with no unusual development.

One important fact to remember is that a very irregularly shaped head does not imply that you are qualified for any other place in the world save that reserved for a genius or an ordinari-

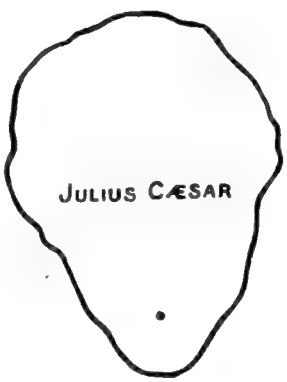






of life, to be included among those fortunate beings who have been lucky enough to find the right track of life laid down for them in the beginning by indulgent Fortune, and so we can take their heads as patterns.

The outline of an Englishman's head, irrespective of characteristic form, is oval, while the German's is round, the French short,



ly successful man, for if such a state of things were really so, the gentlemen whose heads are given as peculiar "shapes," and representing those of a bishop, a titled soldier, and a celebrated lawyer, respectively, would not feel greatly flattered.

The head of Sardou, of Dumas, or of Munkacsy is, in each particular case, very irregular in shape; while

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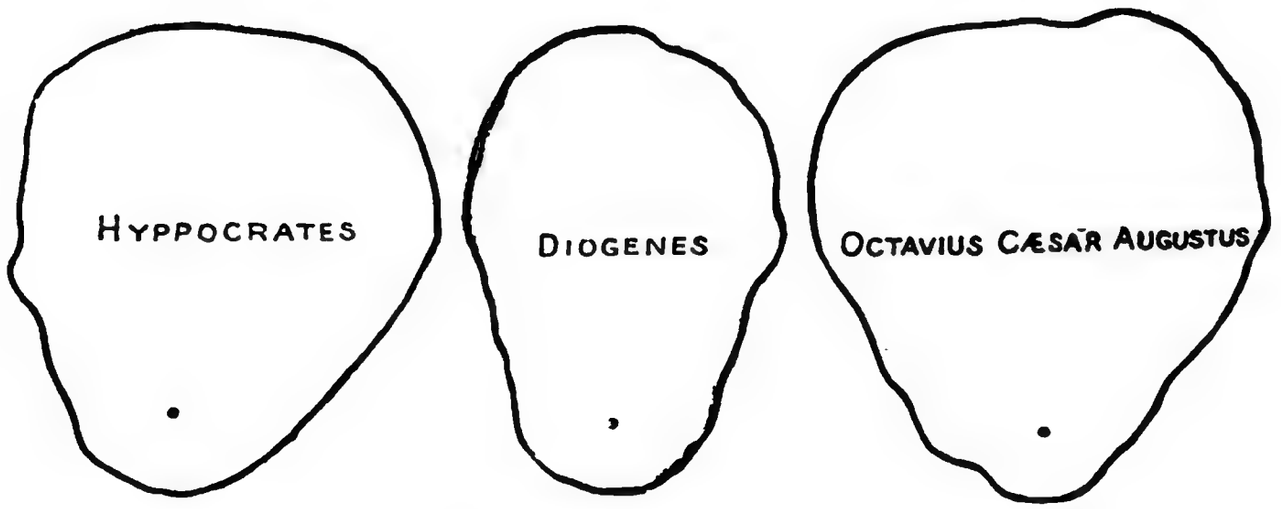


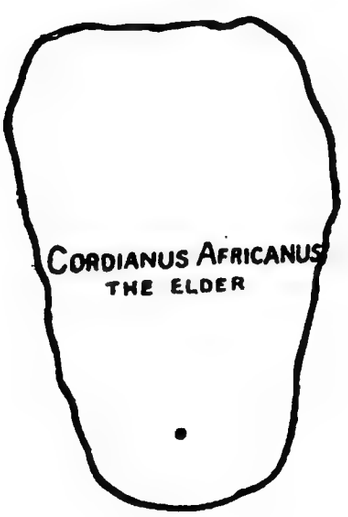
the head of the late Mr. Gladstone was a notable exception to an ugly outline. But for two slight prominences at the forehead, Mr. Gladstone's head was a perfectly symmetrical oval.

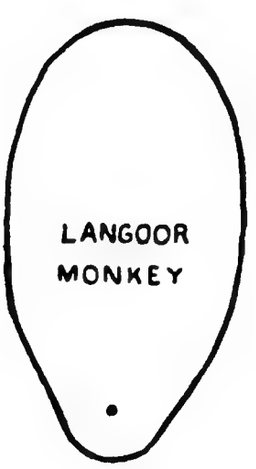
Very few heads agree in shape on both sides; they are not as symmetrical as an egg, for instance; on the contrary, nine out of ten heads are potato-shaped.

Here is another curious fact in connection with heads. You would think that when a person arrived at the adult stage of life the head would be conservative and keep to a fixity of shape. As a matter of fact, however, the form of a head, even of that of an old man, is liable to frequent change. In support of this strange feature in the shape of the head, there is at the present day a noted politician whose shape of head varies twice a year, so much so, indeed, that a hat made for him six months ago can now be adjusted on his head and worn only with pain and difficulty. The head of this gentleman does not increase in size, but the contour changes, sometimes growing a trifle wider, sometimes shortening from the forehead to the back of the head, and occasionally narrowing in hitherto wide places.

Upon the advent of the silver period of life, when one's cranial forest turns to that shade which brings with it—or it ought to do—reverence and dignity, the head gradually becomes smaller, and it also sometimes shrinks through illness or mental worry.

One is tempted to ask one's self the question, What sort of heads were those of the ancients? By the thoughtful kindness of Dr. S. S. Murray, LL.D., I am enabled to give the shape of the heads of some of the most famous characters of ancient Greece and Rome, taken from their busts in the British Museum.





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By Baroness Emmuska Orczy.

PROLOGUE.

1783 A.D.

They brought the boy home, the three of them—his two friends and the doctor—brought him home to die, for the surgeon said he could only last an hour at most.

Juliette did not cry, did not even utter a sound. Her great eyes wandered from the inanimate form of her brother before her to that of her father, whose joy and pride the boy had been.

The lad had quarrelled with the young Baron Deroulède—as gallant and honorable a gentleman as could be found at the King's Court.

The motive of the quarrel? Ah, who could tell? Ostensibly a dispute over a deal at cards. Probably the bright eyes of one of the Queen's Maids of Honor might not be altogether out of the question.

And so this morning they fought, in a *carrefour* of the Bois de Vincennes. The Baron Deroulède was a noted swordsman, and the lad fell after the third attack with a thrust through his left lung. The doctor thought it best to bring him home—to die in his father's, his sister's arms.

Presently, when it was all over, when the young body lay in marble-like majesty, when the friends had departed, and the old Count Marny was alone with his daughter, face to face with his great grief, he took Juliette's hand, and placing it on her dead brother's head, he spoke in tones that were almost those of a maniac, so wild and purposeless they seemed; though to *her* they had the solemnity born of unconquerable sorrow.

"Juliette, I may be too old to accomplish it, but you are young; swear, Juliette, swear that he will not remain unavenged."

Juliette repeated the oath her father thus dictated to her.

"You will find him out, Juliette; remember, you must be cunning, but God will help you to track *him*, the murderer. And I too, Juliette, when I am dead, my spirit will help you. Swear, little one . . . swear, once more."

And Juliette swore, as her father commanded. Then the old man seemed satisfied.

CHAPTER I.

1793 A.D.

It was never safe in that terrible year of 1793 for any woman of outwardly refined appearance to walk in the streets of Paris alone. Any passerby, therefore,

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would have wondered at what could have possessed that graceful young girl to walk down the Rue Taitbout alone in the middle of the afternoon, when there are more idlers than ever at the corners, more absinthe than at any other time of the day in the heads of the good citizens and citizenesses of Paris.

She walked rapidly the whole length of the street toward an imposing group of tall houses, where dwelt several well-known citizen-deputies. So far she had been left fairly unmolested, save for a few jeering remarks at her dainty appearance.

Doubtless the broad tricolor scarf the young girl wore tied round her waist had contributed in no small measure to her comparative safety. It seemed, therefore, an act of absolute folly on her part that, having reached a spot close to No. 25 of the Rue Taitbout, a handsome house inhabited by the popular Citizen-Deputy Deroulède, she should suddenly tear off the Republican badge, which had been her safe-conduct, and throw it ostentatiously in the mud.

This extraordinary overt act of anti-patriotism was the spark that set the pent-up tempers aflame. For one moment positive stupor petrified the lookers-on; but this only lasted a second. The next, twenty hoarse voices shrieked with frenzied passion:

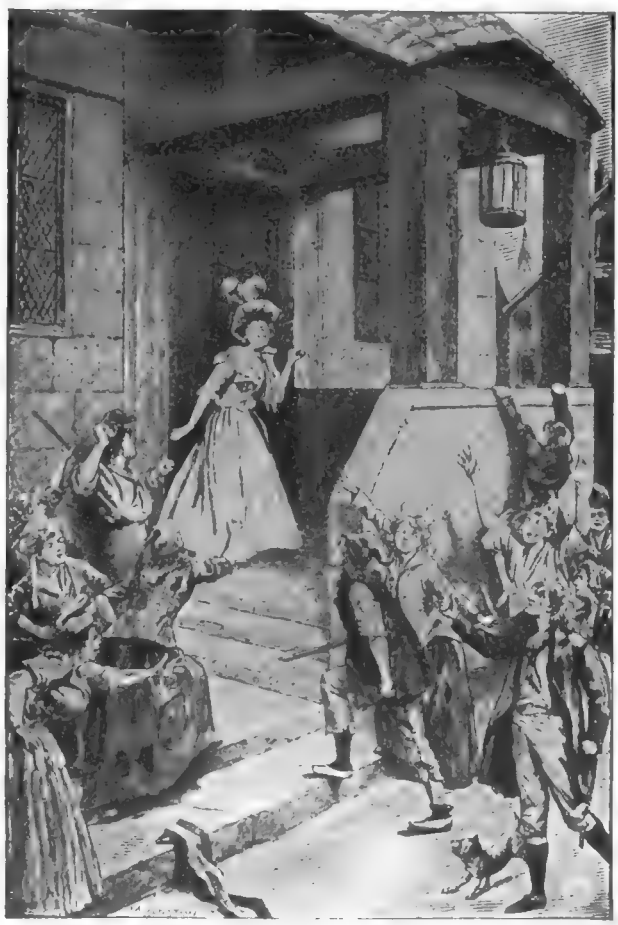
"Down with the aristocrat!"

"To the lantern, to death with her who insults the Republic!"

Shrieking women, half-tipsy men, yelling urchins seemed to have sprung up from the very ground, for in less than a minute the foolhardy girl was attacked by a regular crowd of the lowest Paris mob, gesticulating, hooting, yelling, while those in the foremost rank had already snatched at her skirt, and were dragging her away from the porch of the house, to which, after her curious act of defiance, she now clung with the energy of wild terror and hopeless despair, her back against the door, facing the hideous crowd. In an agony of terror she gave forth one piteous shriek, hammering at the door with her small fists.

"Help, Citizen Deroulède! Help! murder! Here, at your very door."

A long, mocking laugh from the mob greeted this piteous appeal. At that moment the door behind her was gently opened, a strong arm swiftly and suddenly encircled her waist, and in less than a second she felt herself dragged away from the mob.



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE GIRL WAS ATTACKED BY A CROWD OF THE LOWEST PARIS MOB.

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Five minutes later the young girl, whose foolhardy and apparently purposeless action had so nearly proved her own undoing, was sitting comfortably installed before a gayly blazing fire, while an elegant and dignified-looking old lady leant over her, trying further to soothe her still agitated nerves.

Through the window, which was partially open, came the sound of a powerful voice, evidently accustomed to command and to be obeyed.

"My son's voice," said the old lady with undisguised pride; "you need have no more fear now, mademoiselle; he is talking to the mob; you are under the protection and in the house of Citizen-Deputy Deroulède."

A look of exultation and triumph crossed the girl's eyes, but it was a momentary flash; the next instant she was thanking Citizen Deroulède, who had stepped into the room once more, for his timely aid in a moment of such deadly peril.

The girl looked very beautiful in her helplessness and gratitude. No wonder that the Citizen-Deputy, who was but a young man, after all, stooped and kissed the dainty hand that was stretched out toward him, forgetting that such customs would have been called "aristocratic," and most unworthy of a representative of the people.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, five men were sitting in Citizen Deroulède's comfortably furnished study, round a table covered with a green cloth and encumbered with cards, counters, and the usual accessories that are necessary for a game of hazard. Though each held in his hand a few cards, and from time to time made a jerky attempt at following some sort of game, it was nevertheless quite obvious that these five men were discussing other matters than the hazards of baccarat or the latest production at the "Molière." The face of each looked anxious and careworn, and all of them started visibly at the slightest sound behind the heavily curtained door or closely shuttered windows.

The host himself, a powerful, well-built figure, with handsome, refined features, so well known in the assemblies of the "Convention," seemed eager, alert, watchful, and his strong fist was doubled up on the table with a gesture of determination and energy.

"We must succeed this time," he said. "I see no eventuality to stop us. We five who have planned this thing are alone to know of it. We cannot, we shall not fail."

"At any rate, there is no chance of a traitor among us," said one of the guests. "Money is plentiful; our measures are well taken. There is only the great, the difficult task of apprising the unfortunate Queen of the means we have devised for her escape, and of conveying to her the necessary funds."

"As you all know," said Deroulède, "fate has wonderfully favored us. I am on duty as governor at the Conciergerie after to-morrow, and though I can never have long talks with her Majesty—whom may God preserve and protect!—yet I can always slip money and letters into her hand."

"In the meanwhile, are the letters and money safe in your house?"

"Safely locked up in that desk," said Deroulède reassuringly. "My mother has our cause as much to heart as any of us, and our two Auvergnat servants, terrified though they are into a semblance of republicanism, are staunch to the holy cause, and devoted slaves to my mother and myself."

"But, Citizen Deroulède," said one of the guests, an oldish man, somewhat tentatively, "you have a visitor in your house. What of her?"

"The daughter of a good Royalist who died for his convictions," said Deroulède rapidly; "a girl who nearly met with a terrible death through a foolhardy exhibition of her principles, in the open streets; moreover," he added fervently, "one of God's most beautiful creatures, full of guilelessness and innocence."

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A smile went round the faces of those assembled; but evidently Deroulède had succeeded in reassuring them. No doubt the girl was his *fiancée*, or almost so, and as such there would be no cause for the fear of her indiscretion.

The hour was getting late, and all that was necessary had been fully discussed. The four men prepared to leave, and were wrapping themselves in their mantles and cloaks while shaking hands with their host.

"Will you, for our own satisfaction," said one, "let us assure ourselves with our very eyes that the letters and money are absolutely safe? It is a great responsibility on such young shoulders as yours, Citizen Deroulède, to conduct this great affair almost single-handed."

"I know no fear," said Deroulède proudly; "and here," he added, taking a key from his breast pocket and unlocking his desk, "is the casket that contains all that is needed to place our beloved Queen out of the clutches of the bloodthirsty tigers who——"

He paused; the casket was still in his hand. All heads were turned, terror-stricken, toward the door, which had been gently and silently opened.

"Mme. Deroulède has desired me to ask monsieur if she should send in some refreshments for his friends before they leave."

Juliette's figure was standing in the doorway, one tiny hand holding back the heavy draperies that framed her like a picture. As well have suspected one of the saints of Notre Dame to harbor thoughts of treachery or even indiscretion, as this sweet face, all youth and girlishness.

Deroulède smiled, reassured, and with deliberation and calmness replaced the casket in his desk, and once more turned the key. The others seemed to have conquered their fright.

Juliette, after hearing Deroulède's thanks, again retired, and the five men were once more alone.

Not one of them made any comment on the little incident that had so much disturbed them, and their host seemed anxious not to provoke any.

Ah! had they but been gifted with second sight, or had the bandage of wilful blindness been torn away from their host's eyes, the bandage placed there by the most beautiful hands in Paris, their quietude would not have been of long duration. Juliette had paused one instant outside the door, her hand pressed against her heart, as if to repress its very beating. A look of triumph, of exultation, aye, of vengeance satisfied, distorted for a moment those Madonna-like features.

JULIETTE PAUSED ONE INSTANT OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

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CHAPTER III.

THE next evening Deroulède was to leave his mother and his home for his new quarters within the Conciergerie, in his capacity as temporary lieutenant, which function he intended to utilize for the furtherance of the great plan he and his comrades had conceived, to effect the unfortunate Queen's escape.

He had said good-by to his mother, who had already retired to her room, and now stood in his study, ready to go, the fateful casket in a small valise which he held in his hand.

"Tell Mlle. Juliette that if she will favor me with her presence, I would wish to bid her good-by," he said to his servant, "and in half an hour see that a carriage is at the door, to take me and my luggage."

Five minutes later she came in, tall and graceful. Her cheeks were very pale, her lips trembled slightly, and there was a wild, curious look in her large, wide-open eyes.

"It is kind of you, mademoiselle, to grant my request," he said, with a timidity most unusual in this man accustomed to face and speak to the most unruly mob the world has ever known, "and to come to bid me godspeed."

"You are not going for long, Citizen Deroulède?" she asked.

She seemed strangely nervous and agitated, and once almost seemed as if she would fall. He led her to the sofa, and took a low seat beside her.

"In these times, mademoiselle, any farewell might be forever. But I am actually going for a month to take charge of the unfortunate prisoner at the Conciergerie."

"In any case, then, Citizen Deroulède, the farewell I bid you to-night will be a very long one."

"A month will seem a century to me, since I am destined to spend it without seeing you," he said, as if involuntarily; "but——"

He paused, and looked long and searchingly into those eyes, that still wore that wild, haggard gaze. Then he whispered, almost inaudibly:

"But I should not dare to hope that the same reason would cause you to call that month a long one."

She turned perhaps a trifle paler than before, and drew her hand hurriedly away, for he had tried to seize it.

"You misunderstand me, Citizen," she said; "I meant that I cannot stay any longer under Mme. Deroulède's hospitable roof. I have already trespassed too long on her kindness, and——"

"You have not been happy with us?" he said, half reproachfully, half sadly; "you wish to leave us?"

"For God's sake, do not speak like that!" she said, almost wildly. "You do not know, you do not understand, or else——"

"Yes, I understand, Juliette," he said, with the determination of the strong man wishing at any cost to know what fate has in store for him. "I understand your sweet, innocent nature, I understand your beauty, which God gave you as a mirror to your angelic mind. How could I have lived all these days under the same roof with you without learning the sweet lesson which the angels from heaven have taught me—to love you, Juliette?"

It was useless now for her to attempt to withdraw her hand, for he had seized it in both his, and was covering it and the tiny wrist with kisses, aye, and with hot tears, tears of an emotion so deep, and so pathetic to witness in a strong man.

Juliette had tried to rise, to tear herself away. In an agony of mind, she tried to stop her ears, tried not to hear this man's voice telling her of his love, this man whom she had dogged, whose hospitality she had betrayed to serve her own vengeance. She tried to think of him only as the murderer of her brother, the guilty cause of her stricken father's early tragic death. She made every effort to conjure up the picture of the boy brought home on a stretcher to die, of the old man holding out a trembling hand toward her, and muttering feebly, "Juliette, live to avenge

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us both!" But oh! that picture would not stay before her throbbing eyes. Instead of it, she saw this man at her feet, telling her with a voice that forced its way in spite of all to her heart, "I love you, Juliette!"

And she—what had she done? She had forced her way into his house at peril of her own life, had dogged his footsteps, watched his every movement, and—oh, the horror of it!—finally denounced him to those who know no pity. And all in pursuit of the implacable vengeance that had seemed a sacred duty until, a few moments ago, she first had heard those words, and, womanlike, had begun to pity. And having pitied, hatred made way for its twin brother love, with whom it so often walks hand in hand. Ah! if she could but forget, could but undo what was irrevocably done, could but allow her hand to rest in his, her ears to listen to what he had to say! . . .

THE GIRL SAT ON THE SOFA, THE FOLDS OF HER GOWN HIDING THAT WHICH WOULD HAVE SENT HER ENEMY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

"Open, in the name of the Republic!"

Deroulède leapt to his feet as this ominous summons, the meaning of which he knew all too well, sounded outside his street door. A minute elapsed while the Auvergnat's timorous hands were heard to fumble with the chain and bolts. Juliette had also jumped, horror-stricken, from her couch. Her eyes, dilated and haggard, were fixed with a look of terror on the door, which, in another moment, she knew would open before the members of the Committee of Public Safety, Marat and his fraternity, whom her own hand had summoned hither. Deroulède was now deathly pale. Like a wild animal at bay, he looked round at the walls of his study, up toward heaven, or down toward hell, to find some place to which to flee with his precious casket, that lay still there, in the valise close to his hand.

Already the sound of the heavy footsteps, the muttered curses and oaths, had filled the hall, and were now heard rapidly approaching the study door. One common terror for an instant now held these two enthralled. For a space of a minute their thoughts, their longings, and desires met over the safety of the precious casket. The next Juliette had seized the valise and thrown it on the sofa. Then reseating herself, with the gesture of a queen and the grace of a Parisienne she spread the ample folds of her skirts over the compromising bundle, and, as the door was thrown violently open, she said, in calm, somewhat haughty tones:

"How strange it is, Citizen Deroulède, that in the year 1793 Frenchmen so easily forget what is due to women, and inter-

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rupt a *tête-à-tête* without so much as saying 'Gare!' Your pleasure, citizens?"

Marat, followed by some half-dozen men, each wearing the red cap and cockade and tricolor sash, had entered the room, and the cunning eyes of the dreaded terrorist had wandered first ironically from one to the other of the two young people, then suspiciously to the desk and other furniture round him.

"What is the meaning of this strange visit, Citizen Marat?" said Deroulède, who had tried to recover his calm and self-possession.

"Information has been laid against you, Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "by an anonymous writer, that you have just now in your possession correspondence intended for the Widow Capet; and the Committee of Public Safety has entrusted me and these citizens to seize such correspondence and make you answerable for its presence in your house."

"Always supposing such correspondence to exist," said Deroulède, sneeringly. "I should have thought my services to the Republic had been too widely known to allow a nameless enemy's denunciations to weigh against them."

"The Committee of Public Safety is bound to do its duty by the people whose representatives they are," said Marat, doggedly; "but you know best, Citizen Deroulède, whether you have anything to hide. If the accusation prove a calumny, so much the better for you. I presume," he added sneeringly, "that you do not propose to offer any resistance while these citizens and I search your house."

Deroulède answered nothing, and quietly handed over a bunch of keys to one of the men, who, aided by the others, proceeded to unlock the desk and turn over every scrap of paper he came across.

Deroulède dared not turn toward Juliette; he felt that at this moment her life, as well as his own, lay in a look, in a quiver of the eyelid. The terrorist's eyes were fixed unceasingly upon him, and he dared not attempt to read in Juliette's what was passing in her mind.

The girl, though very pale, seemed to have complete mastery over her nerves. She still sat on the sofa, enthroned queen-like, the folds of her silken gown hiding that which would have sent her enemy to the scaffold, him whom she hated so bitterly, whose hand had slain her brother, driven her father to despair, but whose voice had so strangely moved her just now when he said, "I love you, Juliette!"

The men, after a fruitless search through the desk, had turned over every article of furniture that might have contained papers or correspondence, and were now preparing for their further search throughout the house.

"I shall have to ask you, Citizen Deroulède," said Marat, with mock urbanity, "to accompany us while we execute our painful duty. I can assure you that if we find nothing compromising against you, we will soon restore you to a *tête-à-tête* which the citizeness is so wrathful at seeing interrupted."

The request was practically a command, and Deroulède prepared to follow, vainly trying to force his brain to find a way out of the situation of deadly peril in which so many were now involved. Juliette's impulsive act had merely succeeded in involving her into the tangled meshes, without saving the conspirators or the unhappy Queen. Marat and his men would surely return. The comedy could not be kept up through another visit from them. Discovery was imminent. What was passing in that young girl's mind while Deroulède reluctantly followed the human bloodhounds out of the room?

* * * * * *

She listened till the sound of their heavy footsteps died away down the passage, then she rose, and picked up the valise. Cautiously she opened the window, and peeped out. . . . Four more men were stationed outside in the street, guarding the exit. Escape, therefore, in that quarter was impossible. She hesitated for one brief instant, then she quietly slipped out of the door, down the semi-dark passage, up the carpeted stairs, still carrying the fateful valise in her hand.

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CHAPTER IV.

HALF an hour later the Republicans, having fruitlessly searched throughout the house, were busying themselves on the floor above, terrifying almost beyond their wits the two Auvergnat servants, an occupation that seemed to afford them considerable amusement, for loud laughter was heard from time to time from that quarter.

Deroulède had been allowed to remain with his mother, guarded by two of the men, who watched his every movement, and listened to every word he said. The old lady sat rigid in her upright chair. There was a curious look in her wide-open eyes, fixed, and staring straight in front of her. It was a look more of suspicion than anxiety, more of wrath than of terror. Her son held her wrinkled hand in his, and was trying with soft, endearing words to soothe and reassure her.

The soft sound of a rustling gown made them both start. It was Juliette, pale still —from the emotions, no doubt, of the last half hour. Deroulède dared not ask her any questions. The men were there, close to him, ever watchful. He tried to read in her face, but it was almost sphinx-like in its impenetrability.

Mme. Deroulède had not turned toward the young girl; she still sat quite rigid, idly toying with a scrap of paper she held in her wrinkled old hands.

"My son," she said suddenly, quite loudly, so that the men at the door might hear if they chose, "have you any idea as to who the dastardly, nameless accuser is, who has dared to frame the calumny that the Citizen-Deputy Deroulède is a traitor?"

The young man, wondering what his mother might possibly mean, did not answer; he had looked at Juliette and thought how pale she appeared, and his heart ached to see that wild, scared look in her eyes.

"Citizen Marat, from whom I vainly tried to obtain certainty on the subject," continued the old lady in the same hard and dry voice, "could not himself tell me, but he had in his hand this letter, the anonymous denunciation that reached the Committee this evening, and he thought that perhaps I might know the handwriting, and——"

"Juliette, for God's sake, what is the matter?" here interrupted Deroulède, unable to understand, not daring to trust to his senses, as Juliette with a wild cry had thrown herself between mother and son, and seizing the letter from the old lady's hand began tearing it into shreds with the nervous gestures of one half-demented, while her trembling lips framed the half-incoherent words:

"No! no!—you shall not read—not yet—Citizen Deroulède—not yet—wait—a little while longer—wait——"

And her haggard face, her appealing look turned upward toward Deroulède, spoke with pitiable clearness of her guilt and of her treachery.

"Fool!" laughed the old lady, shrugging her shoulders and looking contemptuously at the young, girlish form, so pathetic in its helpless confession of guilt. "Look at her, my son, as she stands self-accused, the vilest thing on earth, a snake in the grass, whom we both have loved and nurtured; aye, self-accused, for, fool that she is, that empty paper bore no witness against her till her own conscience changed it into a damning proof of her guilt."

Deroulède had stood all this while as if paralyzed. His mind seemed unable to grasp the hideous truth that would force itself into his aching brain, and instinctively he shut his eyes, that they at least might not see this fearful vision of the terrible downfall of one of God's purest angels.

Thus a few minutes sped rapidly by. Mme. Deroulède had sunk back exhausted in her arm-chair, and naught was heard now save the low mocking comments made by the men, who had looked on without interfering at the curious scene which had been enacted before them.

It was almost a relief to Deroulède to hear Marat and his companions once more descending the stairs, and the terrorist's sarcastic laugh and coarse jests, when the men told him of the short drama they had

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just witnessed, seemed even more endurable than the sight of this girl whom he had so deeply loved, and who had waited all these days to repay him—thus.

"Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "we are all glad to say that we have found nothing in your house that in any way can place your loyalty to the Republic in doubt. At the same time, it is my duty to ask you to follow me to-night, for there are several questions the Committee of Public Safety will desire to ask you to-morrow. They can but lead to your more complete justification."

Deroulède, as if in a dream, prepared to follow the men. What cared he what happened to him now, since the one idea of his life, his faith, his hope, his love had been so completely shattered? Forgotten were his plans, his friends, the unhappy royal prisoner in the Conciergerie. All had vanished before this picture of the fallen angel at his feet. He kissed his mother, bidding her good-by, not heeding the old lady's sorrowful agony and terror for her only son, and forcing himself not to look once more at the young face he had so dearly loved, he walked out of the room escorted by two of Marat's men.

His footsteps, and those of his escort, were heard echoing down the staircase. Then the hall door was heard to open and to shut with a loud bang. Mme. Deroulède had at last given way to tears, and sat in her great arm-chair, weeping piteously. Marat's eyes were fixed with a mixture of sarcasm and contempt on Juliette, who had recovered her self-possession, and stood erect, calmly awaiting the final *dénouement* of the drama she had written with her own hand.

Two of the men, who on Deroulède's departure had withdrawn, after a whispered order from their chief, now returned. One of them carried the casket containing the fateful papers; these he placed on the table close to Juliette.

"You recognize this casket?" asked Marat, pointing to it, and speaking to the young girl, who nodded in reply.

"I suppose you know where it was found?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Hidden underneath your mattress. What have you to say?"

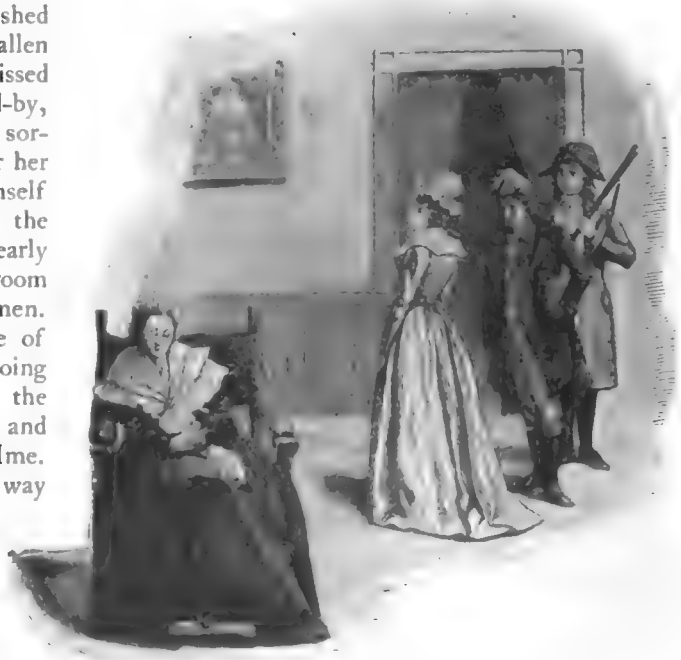
"I will answer when I am on my trial," she said mechanically.

"You acknowledge, then, that they are yours?"

"Yes," she again asserted, this time defiantly.

"Then your denunciation of Citizen-Deputy Deroulède——"

"Was a lie to screen myself."



BEFORE GOING SHE SEEMED TO HESITATE A MOMENT.

She spoke quietly now, without hesitation.

Mme. Deroulède gazed at the young girl, trying to understand the enigma that her feeble brain still refused to grasp.

Marat cared little for enigmas. He had

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not wasted his evening. Here was a most interesting capture, a delightful victim, such as he and his followers loved to see on the tumbrils; a head refined, sweet, aristocratic, such as they loved to see falling under the guillotine.

She was quite prepared to follow the men, prepared to leave this house whose hospitality she had so cruelly betrayed, for that dark, crowded prison at the Conciergerie, from which there was but one exit—the one that led to the guillotine.

But before going she seemed to hesitate a moment, and looked appealingly at Mme. Deroulède. The old lady made no sign, only sitting with her hands clasped, her face averted.

The girl turned to Marat.

"May I—may I speak one word to her? Only a last message. I understand quite well that it is the last time I shall see her."

Marat paused, then he nodded assent.

She went up to madame, and whispering so low that even Marat's inimical ears could not hear:

"Will you tell him—presently—when it is all over—in about two days—that when I sinned so deeply against him—I did not guess—what he told me to-night—did not know—did not realize. My name is Marny—and he killed my brother—he will remember. I thought only of vengeance—while he dreamt of love. But to-night I understood him—I learnt to know myself—and—tell him—madame, that it was Juliette who saved him—by giving her life for his—but remember—only afterward—promise."

And with a firm, quiet step she followed Marat and his men out of the room.

SONG.

WHAT must my Lady be that I may love her?
She must be pure,
Be steadfast as the eternal stars above her,
Strong to endure,
Mirthful in joy, brave in adversity—
That I may love, this must my Lady be.

What must my Lady be that I may woo her?
She must be kind,
Be gentle to the homage I would do her,
To my faults blind,
Be full of graciousness to smile on me—
That I may woo, this must my Lady be.

What must my Lady do that I may throne her
Queen of my life,
That in my inmost being I may own her
My God-sent wife—
That I may rank her thus, what must she do?
I only ask that she shall love me too.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

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THE DEVILS OF NOTRE DAME.

By Mary Fermoy.

Photos by Ed. Hautœur.

In order to understand the presence of the grotesque and loathsome monsters which stand out against the sky from the external galleries and towers of Notre Dame de Paris, and other churches of the same period, it is necessary to go back and study the minds of the master-builders, those giant artists of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries to whom we owe the stately and beautiful edifices which then "formed the book of the human race, the most eloquent expression of human thought."

At this period the sculpture in France was, on the whole, the finest in the world, and was there used in the greatest profusion. It is a matter of deep regret that so many of the original figures have been demolished in the course of ages, for Notre Dame de Paris has suffered rude treatment in the past, notably in the Reign of Terror, 1793, and during the Commune of 1871, when it narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground, for the incendiary communists had piled up two or three hundred chairs, surmounted by bundles of old paper, all steeped in petroleum, in the middle of the choir, and only the timely arrival of the National Guard prevented the absolute demolition of the venerable fane.

Early Gothic architecture shows traces of the barbarism from which its originators had but lately emerged, for their principal models were afforded by the rude Celtic monuments of the North, not the classic treasures of Greece and Rome; but the church builders of mediæval days sought truly to make their work supply "ser-

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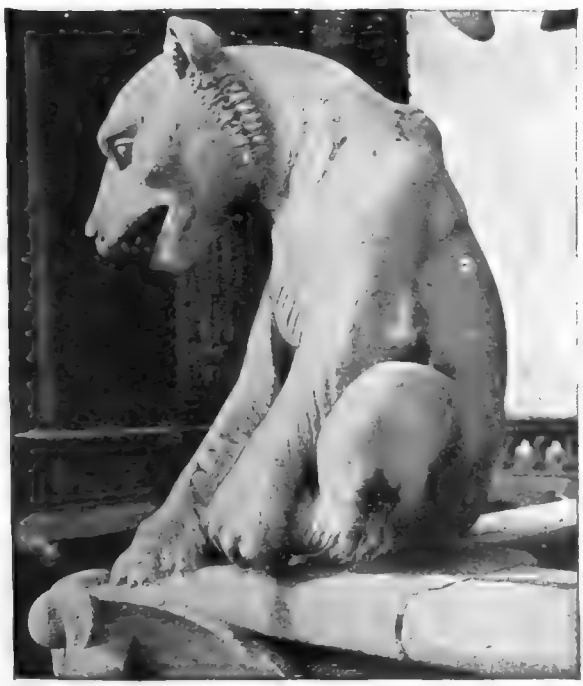
mons in stones." They gave themselves to it with whole-hearted enthusiasm, as Longfellow says of Strasburg Cathedral:

"The architect
Built his great heart into those sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God."

They sought all that was good and holy, and used their art as a vehicle of moral and religious teaching. Therefore they outlined their structures with figures emblematical of the Church's victory over the Legion of Devils, the emissaries of the Prince of Darkness being represented as taking flight from the consecrated House of God, while an angel mounts guard over the infernal cohort.

The primary origin of these grotesque creations may be traced to the study of the Apocalypse, where the four Living Creatures are taken as symbols of the Evangelists, and the Dragon as the Enemy of Man. It was not till the eleventh century that sculptured symbols of the Devil appeared in Christian architecture. Then they were hideous, monstrous forms, revolting travesties of the human and animal creation.



The Evil One is depicted either as an active agent or as a crafty counsellor. In the former capacity he is given more or less human form, with wings, and possibly a tail, ending with a serpent's head; the naked limbs are lean and emaciated, the hands and feet are abnormally large, the hair wildly disordered, and the mouth a gaping cavity. In the *rôle* of counsellor he is more often represented as a grotesque animal or a dog with a man's head.

By the twelfth century we find other animals, real or imaginary, employed to symbolize virtues and vices. The lion meant vigilance, force, and courage; the mermaid, pleasures of the flesh; the pelican,

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charity. The screech-owl, the snake, and the basilisk, or fabulous crowned serpent, were all favorite symbols of the Devil. When they wished to represent a man enslaved by base passions they placed the human figure by the side of the embodied vice.

Later on the devils assume a less terrible form; they become depraved rather than awe-inspiring, and are often only ridiculous. Irony takes the place of savagery, cunning that of cruelty; sometimes the Evil One cheats man, sometimes he is cheated himself. Each province had its own type of creature, but those early sculptors show a close and correct study of nature. Every curve, every limb is true to life.

The practical genius which these church builders combined with their devout and, to us, perhaps superstitious symbolism, soon turned these monsters to account, for true Gothic art had no useless ornament. The gargoyles, or water spouts, that carried the drainage from the roof, were made to project considerably over the side of the building, so as to throw the water clear of the walls, and, instead of leaving the unsightly leaden spout, they encased it in stone with the aperture forming the mouth of some snarling beast, a type of the evil spirits man has to struggle against, symbolical also of the fact that even the mean and base things of earth may be made to serve a purpose in the great scheme of the Master Mind. As Michelet says: "The god of sin, the hideous dragon, the devil, is in the church, conquered and humbled, but still there."

The word gargoyle has two derivations: one from the French *gargouille*, so called from the gurgling sound of running water; the other from *gargonelle*, a dragon which was said to have infested the neighborhood of Rouen till slain by St. Romanus.

After the gargoyles were added such figures as those represented in

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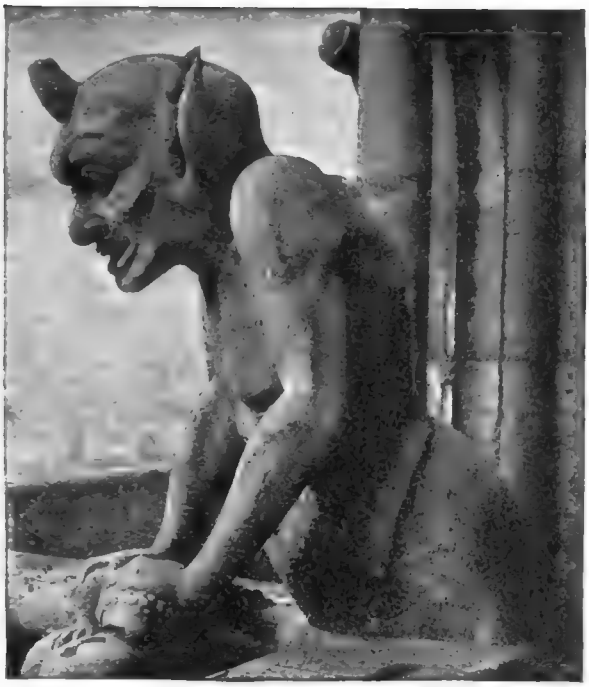

the accompanying illustrations, which are placed on the gallery of Notre Dame beneath the towers, parallel with the roof ridge, upon which stands the mighty Angel of Judgment, with the trumpet, calling all creation to its account. Most of the existing *chimères*, or monsters, are the work of M. Viollet-le-Duc, who faithfully and boldly followed the old models to which he turned for inspiration, and whose spirit he has perpetuated so harmoniously.

The greater number of this repulsive, typical horde are depicted as beasts of prey, with gaping jaws, as if uttering howls of impotent rage or snarling savagely at the world beyond their reach. It will be seen that several of the larger monsters are crushing the life out of some weak, defenceless creatures held in their fiendish grasp. One of them, half human, half beast, is in the act of tearing a rabbit limb from limb; another is crushing a mouse; a third has a frog in its clutches; while in another part of the gallery one devil is in the act of carrying off a smaller demon that he has seized with his teeth in the back, and his victim seeks to retaliate by fixing his fangs in his captor's leg.

There is a power of concentrated malice and grim strength in the winged, horned monster that sits with baboon-like face and protruding tongue, looking down on the city beneath as if he did not yet own himself beaten, and was merely waiting to work fresh havoc.

Mr. Joseph Pennell describes one as "an obscene and bald bird crouching over a bunch of grapes (see illustration), possibly representing habitual and debased drunkenness."

Many of the figures are given to us by the sculptors in the very act of mad flight, at the moment of utter, disorganized rout, with rage, frenzy, and despair speaking in every line and curve. They are ready to

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spring, full of the raging lust, the vampire-like ferocity that craves for "what it may devour;" others, of the vulture tribe, are on the watch, calculating the exact moment to seize their prey. In the scaly monster we have the serpent symbol of the Devil as an acting agent, and we may trace a resemblance to Dagon, the Fish-god of the Philistines, "the sea-monster, upward man and downward fish." The stolid elephant may be taken as an emblem of soul-destroying sloth, which numbs all high aspirations and paralyzes noble effort till the body becomes unwieldy and the mind is buried in matter. Others of the dog species remind us of Milton's description of the "hell-hounds" that,

"Never ceasing, barked
With wide Cerberean mouths,
full loud, and rung
A hideous peal."

It is impossible to contemplate the Devils of Notre Dame without mentally adding to the lifeless throng two living, moving figures immortalized by Victor Hugo. The first is the deaf, misshapen hunchback, Quasimodo, with his darkened, stunted mind and large, lonely heart, craving for the love that was never to be his; whose whole life was bound up in the cathedral, and who was regarded with superstitious fear and hatred by those who deemed themselves the victims of his sorcery.

Quasimodo loved the most hideous of the monsters with a grim fellow-feeling. They were his friends and protectors. He was drawn to them by a common tie of repulsiveness, and yet, at the risk of his life, he destroyed one of his stone comrades when he found that it frightened Esmeralda. It was from behind these devils that he rained down the stones, and through two of the gargoyles on the west façade that he poured the molten lead upon the seething rabble that had come, as he thought, to drag his darling from the sanctuary.

The other figure that suggests itself is that of Claude Frollo, the renegade priest,

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l'âme damnée, who watched Esmeralda's dying throes from the north tower, unmindful of the presence of his slave the hunchback till, when the tragedy was consummated, he uttered the demoniacal laugh which quenched the lifelong flame of grateful love in the heart of his *protégé*. Then we see him after Quasimodo has hurled him from the battlements, clinging convulsively to one of the monster-headed gargoyles, quivering, cursing, gasping between earth and heaven. He raises his dying eyes to the graven figures above him, hanging in like manner over the abyss; "but their passions are impassive in their petrifaction, they feel neither terror for themselves nor pity for him."

Many other word pictures are raised by the mere title "Notre Dame de Paris." We may try to imagine the splendor of those ancient church festivals when, in addition to the gorgeous ceremonial within, the impressionable minds of the passing throng without were stirred by showers of fair flowers descending from the House of God, and gentle doves emerging from unseen apertures in the cathedral roof, followed by wisps of burning tow, symbolical of the Pentecostal Tongues of Flame. We have but touched upon one of the least important features of that "majestic and sublime edifice," that "ancient queen of cathedrals," as Victor Hugo lovingly calls it, which would lose nothing of its grandeur even were it to be stripped of its wealth of sculptured ornament.

As another writer says: "The strength of its mighty canopy, the noble proportions of its front, its great shadows and saliences, its vast scheme of ribs, piers, and far-stepping buttresses, balance and make a harmony like solid music."

The life-work of the saintly Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, has stood the test of seven centuries, a monument of simple grandeur, changeless amid the many changes that have swept over the surrounding city, a lasting testimony to the love and faith and skill that called it into being.

But dark scenes have also been witnessed within the old cathedral walls, and of these the most notable and daring was when the Deity was declared to be deposed by the notorious Convention, and the ancient edifice was transformed into a Temple of Reason. A celebrated beauty, Madame Maillard, of the Opéra, known in more than one character to most members of the Convention, was appointed Goddess of the new religion, and, as Sir Archibald Alison says: "After being embraced by the President, she was mounted on a magnificent car and conducted amid an immense crowd to the Cathedral of Notre Dame to take the place of the Deity.

"There she was elevated on the high altar, and received the adoration of all present."

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By Marvin Dana.

Just now, as you see me here, I am an eminently respectable member of society, holding a position in the vestry, and all that sort of thing, and the children, bless their hearts! would never in the world believe that their father at one time was as bad a scamp as ever drew pistol or played three-card monte on the plains of the wild West.

To you, confidentially, I don't mind confessing that for ten years, from the time that I was twenty-five until I was thirty-five, all the money I made, I made at gambling. But to make the confession complete, I must add to it the fact that not only did I gamble, but I also made it my rule to cheat every time I had the chance. Mind you, this was not so bad as it might seem to you, because, in those days and in those places—that is to say, in the mining camps of the Western States early in the fifties—gambling was the universal amusement and the business of a large part of the community.

And gamblers were all expected to cheat on any and every occasion when they could do so safely. Nobody was expected to be honest for the sake of honesty. Nobody was expected to practise virtue merely for the sake of a good conscience. So, as I say, every one cheated, if he had the necessary skill. But it was always on the understanding that detection made it a matter of life and death right then and there. If a gambler slipped a card or "rung in a cold deck," he did it well knowing the cost of being found out. Not only would he lose the stakes involved, he would also lose his life on the spot, unless he handled his gun more quickly than did his adversary. If by a good shot he managed to save his life for the moment, he had to cut and run for it unless he wished the Vigilance Committee to hold a necktie party, with him as the principal guest.

Well, in those days I cheated, and the story of the last time in which I used unlawful arts for my advantage is the one I am about to tell. It was, too, the last time that I played at cards, but that is by way of being a sequel to the tale.

I had drifted to Pueblo, in Colorado, and there I fell in with Hank Murray. Hank, a few years before, had been a partner of mine when we ran a faro game in Carson, Nevada. In those days Hank's sole family had consisted of one girl, about fifteen years of age, a bright little thing; but I must confess that she had clean gone from my recollection when I discovered in

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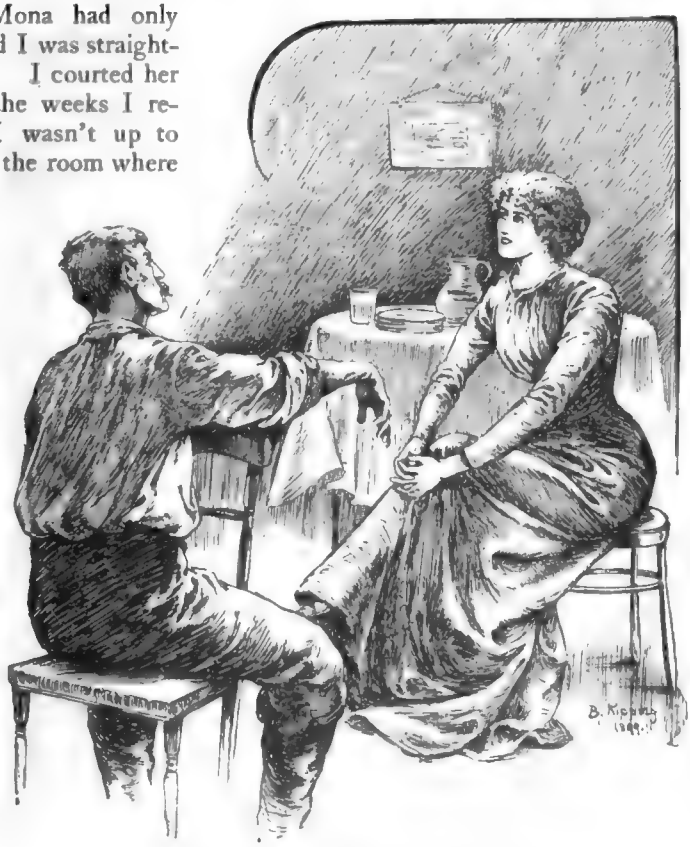
Hank's house in Pueblo a tall and stately young woman, handsome as any queen, handsomer, in fact, than any picture I ever saw.

This was the little girl I had known five years before; but, good gracious! in Carson I had held her on my knees, and chatted to her by the hour; and here one glance from her blue eyes threw me into a perspiration, and gave me ague chills up and down my back, and generally "rattled" me, so that I didn't know whether I stood in boots or moccasins. To save my wasting rhetoric, I'll say abruptly that I fell in love. It was a tremendous fall, too. I had tumbled a little a good many times in the course of my short career. I remember one girl in Omaha—but there, never mind her! I got over that. This was different.

Usually I am glib enough with a woman; can talk her ear off if she is pretty enough to make it worth the strain on the vocal cords. But, my soul! Mona had only to come into the room, and I was straightway as dumb as an oyster. I courted her the best I could during the weeks I remained in Pueblo, but I wasn't up to much. I hung around in the room where she was, and looked at her when she didn't look at me, and turned red when she asked me a question, and stuttered and stammered whenever I tried to say that the weather was fine—and that's about all I did do. Whether or not she was observant enough to understand what my feelings were, I had no more idea than I had as to where and when I should hold my next four aces at poker.

I must say a few words about old Hank. It would need a good many to do him justice. If this were to be a character study, I could write a whole book just about Hank, for Hank was strong on character. I am not saying that it was good character or that it was bad character, but it was character all right enough. Not to go outside of the qualities that are concerned in this story of mine, Hank had a temper. A temper of the most reliable sort, for he always had it handy by him for use, and he brought it out quite as often as was necessary for the health of those in his company at the time. In other words, Hank was a terror. Just "rile" him a little, and he would rise to the occasion, rise with both feet and fists, or, if it was a serious affair, pull out his gun and shoot as many as he could before the room was emptied—which happened on the instant, if the crowd knew Hank.

I had a great respect for Hank on account of these qualities and some others, and I considered myself very fortunate that



I COURTED HER THE BEST WAY I COULD.

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in all the years of our acquaintance he had never punctured me. All the same, my knowledge of his character did not encourage me to state boldly to him that I wished to marry his daughter. To tell the truth, I didn't know how he might take it, but I had a shrewd suspicion that he might take it very badly.

This suspicion became almost a certainty when I cautiously led up to the subject one evening by inquiring as to whether or not he had anybody in mind as a husband for Mona. Hank in response showed all the symptoms of apoplexy, and swore, in a manner that allowed of no misunderstanding as to his meaning, that no man was half good enough for his daughter. Then he added:

"A gambler ruined her mother's life, and one of the profession shall never have the chance of ruining hers!"

This, as may be imagined, was a slap in the face to me, and, though I was perfectly willing to give up gambling for Mona's sake, the reception of my first suggestion by Hank was so discouraging that I hadn't heart enough to mention the matter again to him.

Things were at this deadlock when luck came to my aid, and I need hardly add was assisted by a little dexterity on my part.

For want of pigeons to pluck, Hank and I were playing poker together one evening. We were playing after a fashion of our own, inasmuch as the regular game is monotonous when only two are engaged. Our method was to play straight from the five cards dealt to us, without any draw. In the course of this evening I made a discovery. The table on which we played had a square in the centre covered with green cloth. Round about the square was a border of wood some four inches wide. This appeared to be rosewood, but I discovered by accident, once when my cards rasped on the edge of the table, that it was only veneer, laid on over ordinary deal. This veneer had become loose in places, and next to me it was so separated from the deal as to make a perfect natural hold-out, wherein one could slip a dozen cards and have them safely out of sight, yet available by the simplest prestidigitation.

This discovery set me a-thinking. I had made it a rule when playing with Hank to play on the square, my reasons being the sharpness of his eyes and the quickness of his gun. But this natural hold-out offered to my use gave me an immense temptation to practise a little trickery on my old partner. Hank had been losing for an hour, and, following his disposition, the more he lost the more desperately he played, so that I had already won about five thousand dollars from him. In my opinion, this sum included practically all his ready cash.

The temptation of which I have spoken was vague at first, but in a few minutes it had drawn other ideas to itself, and soon I was plotting deeply. The final effect was a scheme by which I purposed first to plunder Hank mercilessly so as to get him within my power, then to force his consent to my marriage with Mona. In my mood there and then I could see my way clear of scooping him of all his money, and thus to bringing him into a tractable frame of mind. I really did not believe that I should ever muster up courage sufficient to solicit his consent in the orthodox manner.

Full of these disgraceful plans, I pushed the game as hard as I could, and my success was such that very soon I had won from my adversary the reluctant confession that he was stone-broke.

"Wait a minute," cried Hank; "I've got the deeds to this house and lot in my safe, and I'll just put those on the table as security to stand against my bets till one of us is busted."

"As you please," I answered, for this suited my purpose exactly.

Hank got up from his place and went across the room to the safe. The moment his back was turned, I picked up the cards, and sorting them rapidly, picked out the four aces and a straight flush in hearts, the nine, eight, seven, six, and five. The hearts I slipped beneath the rosewood veneer, where they would be available for

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me whensoever I should choose to take them; while the four aces I arranged alternately with four other cards, the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth of the eight being the aces. These cards I held palmed in my right hand, after I had replaced the pack on the table. I completed these arrangements in about seven seconds, for quickness is the absolute essential of every gambler who depends at all on nefarious devices, as it is of a conjurer. When Hank returned with the title deeds, the cards were, apparently, as he had left them.

It was Hank's deal. He shuffled the cards fiercely, and when he had done mixing them, threw them on the table before me with a brief:

"Cut!"

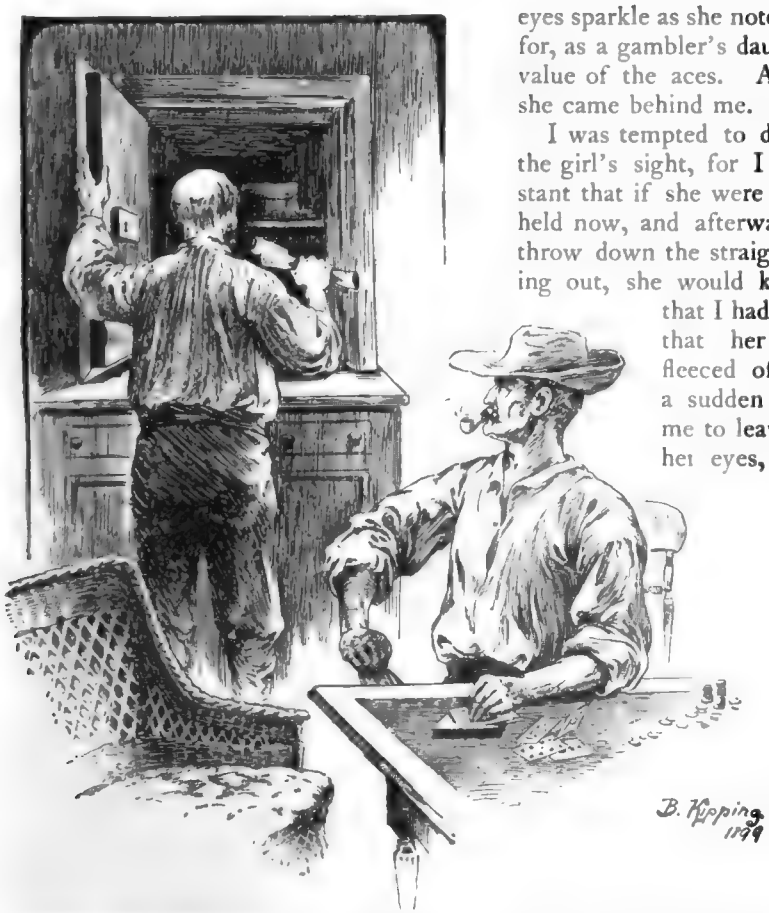
I cut the cards with my left hand, and then with my right tapped them as if to even the edges. As I did so, I deftly deposited on the top of the deck the eight cards I had held concealed.

Hank picked up the pack, and dealt a card to me, then one to him, and so on, until five had been distributed to each of us. Thus he secured for himself the four aces, according to my arrangement.

I watched his face furtively to see what effect the hand might have on him, for it is the highest possible in the game with the single exception of the straight flush, and that straight flush reposed safely ready for my hand beneath the veneer.

Just then Mona entered the room, and went behind her father's chair. I saw her eyes sparkle as she noted her father's cards, for, as a gambler's daughter, she knew the value of the aces. A moment afterward she came behind me.

I was tempted to drop my hand out of the girl's sight, for I realized on the instant that if she were to note the cards I held now, and afterward were to see me throw down the straight flush I was holding out, she would know with certainty that I had resorted to trickery, that her father had been fleeced of his money. Yet a sudden strange impulse led me to leave my cards before her eyes, thus to afford her knowledge of my cheating. This, I thought in the idiotic fancy of the moment, would be a sure means whereby to discover whether or not she cared for me, since no daughter would be likely to stand quietly by and let her father be robbed unless she were particularly fond of the robber.



THE MOMENT HIS BACK WAS TURNED I SLIPPED THE CARDS BENEATH THE ROSEWOOD VENEER.

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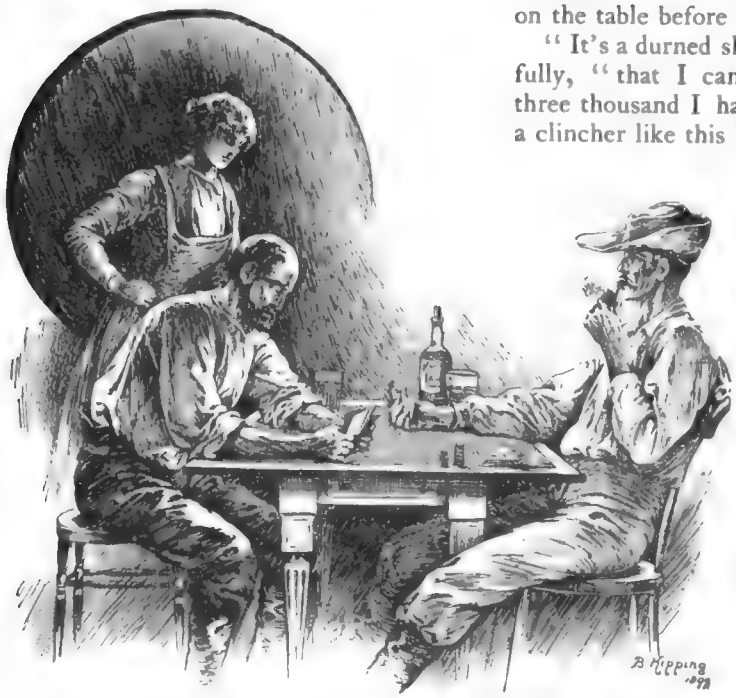
"I have got something pretty good here," Hank remarked, a voluminous satisfaction in his tones.

"So have I," I replied, without looking toward Mona. I knew the lie would astonish her, since Hank and I in our duets at the game rarely or never bluffed,



JUST THEN MONA ENTERED THE ROOM AND WENT BEHIND HER FATHER'S CHAIR.

but bet our hands for what they were scientifically worth.

"Well," remarked Hank, "I'll just drop in these deeds for the house and lot, and I wish I had a few blocks more to make it a sizable pot."

"All right," I replied; "what is the figure you set on this property?"

"Well," said Hank reflectively, "I paid two thousand dollars for it, but it's worth more, for that was two years ago, and the property all round is going up."

"How will three thousand suit you as a valuation?"

"That's fair enough."

I put three thousand in the pot against Hank's deeds. Then I questioned him.

"Sure you haven't anything else? I'd like to make a raise of about three thousand more, all I've got. I'm willing to stake the whole thing on this hand of mine. Sure you can't think of more property that's worth money, just to make the game interesting?"

Hank swore beneath his breath as he confessed that all his available assets were on the table before us.

"It's a durned shame," he cried wrathfully, "that I can't get back the other three thousand I have lost when I've got a clincher like this hand to do it with, for I tell you straight, Jim, I've got you beat."

"Well, just to keep the game going," I said, as nonchalantly as I could, though my heart jumped madly, "I have an idea that might help you out. I'll put in this other three thousand dollars here, provided you will, to make the pot even, give me the promise that, if you lose, you will grant your consent to my marrying Mona."

Hank grew purple with rage, and I expected every instant to see his hand drop to his hip for his revolver.

"Ho, ho!" he roared, "so that's what you have been hanging round here for, after my girl! Didn't I tell you she should never marry a gambler?" And then he turned upon me a torrent of abuse that was very gratifying to me, since I hoped it would serve as an escape valve to his rage, and so save me from the hands of the coroner. When he stopped for lack of breath, rather than from any lack of ideas concerning his opinion of me, I said quietly:

"You are quite wrong, Hank; I have never said one word of love to Mona."

I did not add that the reason for this

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silence on my part was not respect for Hank's paternal authority, but my own confounded embarrassment whenever I found myself in the presence of that sweet girl. Then I continued:

"Never you mind about your unwillingness to have Mona marry a gambler, for I give you my word that, if you lose and Mona is willing to stand by the bargain, I'll never touch a card for money again."

These timely remarks of mine seemed to soothe Hank's surging feelings, and he spoke more temperately:

"Well, you ain't so bad, for you are a good sort, Jim; and barring the fact that you are a gambler, I wouldn't mind my girl being given into your keeping. But let's hear what the girl herself has to say." He turned to Mona. "What do you say, Mona? Shall I make the bet or not? Sure enough I've got him beat, but I hold it's poor poker to make a bet you can't pay if you lose, just because you think you are sure to win. So what do you say? Are you willing that I should wager you on this hand?"

"You must remember, father," Mona replied, "that I have seen both your hands."

"Never mind about that; you must look at it in just the way that I do, and agree to pay the bet if I lose."

Mona laughed, and tossed her head.

"Oh, well," she exclaimed, "go ahead and make the bet. I'm willing."

Even as she spoke, and while her father's eyes were on her, with my left hand I drew from beneath the veneer my straight flush in hearts, and at the same instant dropped the cards Hank had dealt to me on the top of the deck which was lying on the table, as I pushed it to one side.

As Hank turned to me, I said:

"So it is settled, is it? All that I have won against your consent?"

"Yes," shouted Hank, "and I have got you beat. Show down."

He threw his cards on the table, proudly displaying the four aces on which he relied.

"What have you got?"

I laid down my hand of hearts, and I turned my eyes on Mona, who was regarding the four aces triumphantly. Then, in a moment, her father's silence caused her to look toward the cards I had displayed. I saw her start with amazement.

"Why, but those are——"

She paused abruptly, and her look met mine. I returned her stare steadfastly for a long minute, and then I said:

"Well, Mona, you see the hands. Your father has lost, and I have won; are you content?"

This, at last, was my declaration of love, certainly as curiously made as any in the history of man and woman, made boldly now at last, for here the game of cards and the game of hearts seemed so inextricably intermingled that the courage I always possessed for the one was now given as well to the other. So I looked the girl boldly in the face, and waited for her to decide whether she would live out her life alongside of me, or whether she would denounce me to her father as a rogue who had swindled him out of his money and promise. A moment longer we looked into each other's eyes, and then Mona laughed, as she said:

"Oh, well, you seem to have the best hand."

With that she ran out of the room, and after she had gone I told old Hank that I had no wish to keep the other winnings, that his consent and that of Mona were enough of profit for one evening, and that I should insist on his retaining his money and his title deeds.

Yes, I married Mona, and if ever a man's wife was a blessing, she has been the blessing of my life. I never touched a card again, but became respectable, and prospered at it better than I had ever prospered as a scamp. However, I never told old Hank the truth about that game. I always intended to, but I kept putting it off. I was waiting until he should get to an age when his temper was not quite so lively, and his gun should be put away, but the old fellow, though he passed away in his bed, even in his last sickness kept his revolver handy under the pillow. So he died without knowing the truth.

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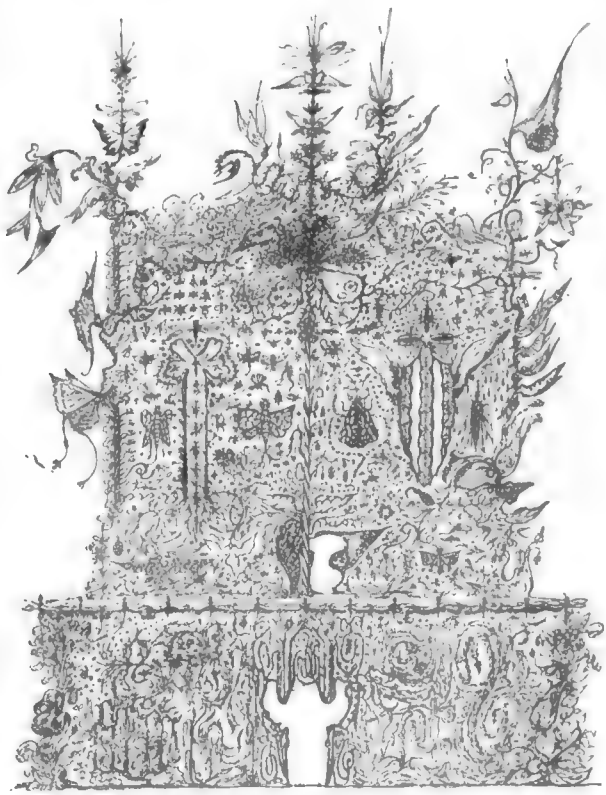
THE STRANGE FREAK OF A GREAT MAN.

By Tiburce Beaugeard.

M. Victorien Sardou, whose "Robespierre" is certainly the most important theatrical event of the year, is perhaps the greatest, and without doubt the most successful, living playwright. Originally intended for a doctor, he drifted into literature, and it was only after years of desperate failure and poverty that he scored his first triumph. "Les Pattes de Mouche" was played in 1860 with immense success, and since then almost every work M. Sardou has produced has secured world-wide fame, and brought its author greater wealth than any man has ever earned by his pen.

Now it is the custom and special privilege of celebrities to indulge in hobbies and eccentricities, such as Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, the late Rosa Bonheur's male attire, Mme. Bernhardt's private menagerie; and M. Sardou's peculiarity—it can scarcely be called a hobby—is spiritualism of a weird and wonderful nature. Like Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and Dumas the younger, the author of "Robespierre" has declared that he, too, has occasionally fallen under the mystic spell of some extraordinary psychic influence, which contemporary science has not yet been able to account for.

The subject, it will be remembered, gave M. Sardou an opportunity of producing, a couple of years ago, at the Paris Renaissance, a play called "Spiritisme," in which Mme. Bernhardt impersonated, with almost supernatural power, the part of the hypnotized woman, Simone d'Aubenas. "Spiritisme" gave rise to a great deal of controversy. The author, being challenged, pointed out that he had neither the wish nor the intention of forcing any theory of his, spiritualistic or otherwise, upon the public. He had simply put on the stage, without even commenting upon them, certain manifestations which, however strange they appeared, he was conscious of having himself seen or felt, unless he were to disbelieve the testimony of his own senses.



"THE HOUSE OF SWEDENBORG."
Drawn by M. Sardou under medianimic influence.

The curious sketches reproduced here, the houses of Mozart and Swedenborg, are specimens of those mysterious manifestations alluded to by M. Sardou. They were designed by him, many

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years ago, under some uncontrollable psychic impulse, at a time when he knew little or nothing of drawing.

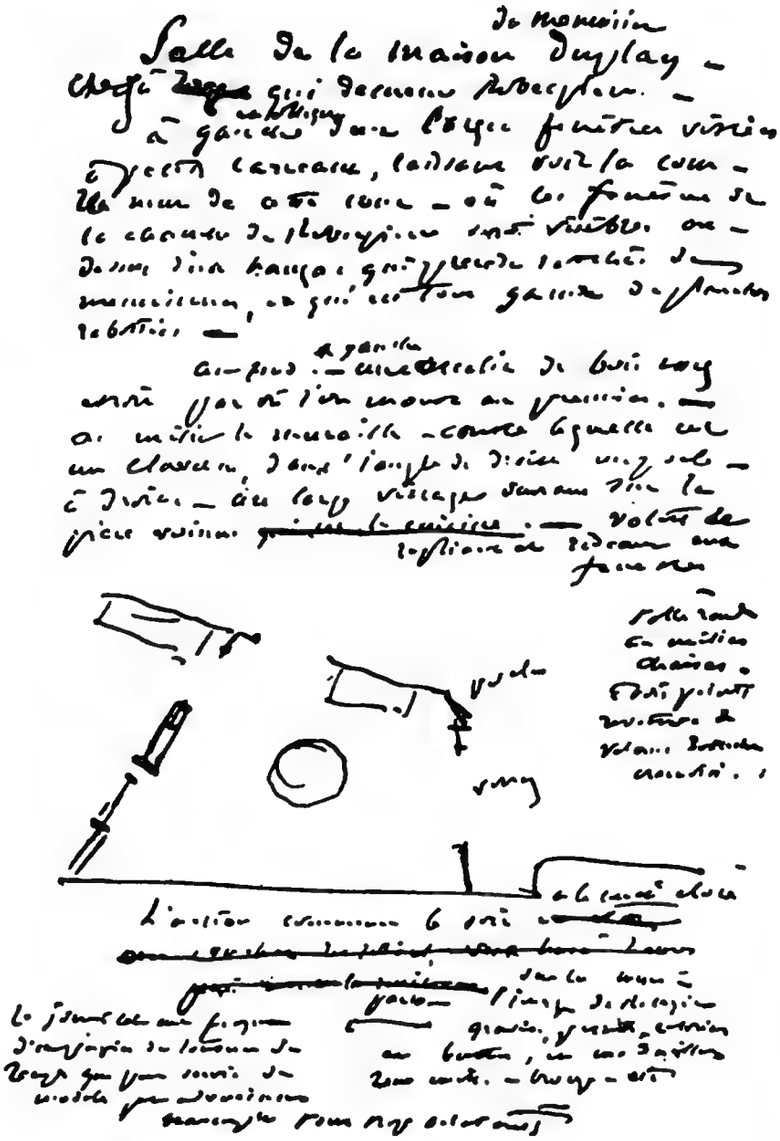
It was after a conversation on spiritualism he had one evening at Chatou, near Paris, with a friend of his, Baron de Pothey, that the author of "Robespierre" made what he calls his first medianimic sketch. "Your mediumistic powers," Baron de Pothey had said to M. Sardou, "will perhaps manifest themselves through writing or drawing. Try it."

The dramatist, sceptic but curious, had determined to make, that very evening, the experiment suggested by his friend. On his return home he sat at his desk, pen in hand, and a sheet of blank paper before him. After a lapse of a few minutes, he felt a kind of numbness in his hand, as if it were wrapped in an invisible warm coating of extreme softness. The pen gradually began to move, tracing a number of strokes at random, and then stopped. M. Sardou looked at the ill-formed lines.

"Decidedly, they are meaningless," he thought, disappointed, and prepared to go to bed.

He took a candle from the mantelpiece, and came back to light it at the lamp standing on his desk. Casting a glance mechanically on the paper, he was surprised to notice that the apparently ill-formed lines, when seen upside down, represented the head of a devil.

"Oh, that's certainly peculiar," the dramatist exclaimed. Then, with a shrug of the shoulder, he added: "It can't be. It's merely the effect of my over-excited imagination." And he thought no more of the drawing, and went to bed.



A FACSIMILE PAGE OF M. SARDOU'S GREAT DRAMA, "ROBESPIERRE."

The rough sketch shows how the furniture is to be placed in one of the most famous scenes.

On the following morning, however, curiosity, naturally enough, impelled him to look again at the drawing in broad daylight. There was no mistaking it. Here was the Prince of Darkness, with the traditional horns, delineated on the paper.

M. Sardou then and there attempted a fresh experiment. This time his pen began to move almost immediately. It ran lightly over the paper, tracing innumerable intricate lines, the dramatist's hand enveloped all the while, as before, in a kind of soft, impalpable coating, and his mind in the semi-ecstatic state. The pen again ceased moving suddenly, as if by itself. The dramatist looked at the design, and remained dumfounded at its wonderful

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delicate curves and arabesques, its strange, harmonious, and undoubtedly symbolical structure.

"What can it mean?" he mentally inquired.

Even as the thought, came the answer, and Sardou appended, in a kind of trance, the following title to the drawing he had just finished:

"House of Bernard Palissy."

The author of "Robespierre" had now for the first time the unmistakable proof that he was gifted with mediumistic faculties. He repeated the experiment, and designed successively the houses of Zoroaster, of Elijah the Prophet, of Swedenborg, and of Mozart, the last two being the most typical examples of medianimic sketches he ever did, for, strange to say, the celebrated dramatist has for some considerable time past lost the faculty of being thus inspired by the mysterious Power.

"I have also learned, through spirit-writing," he once confessed to M. Jules Claretie, the well-known manager of the *Comédie Français*, "that the houses I had designed were situated in the planet Jupiter. If you inquire whether I believe they really exist there, you may as well ask me whether I am sure Gulliver believed in the existence of Lilliput, Campanella in the City of the Sun, and Thomas More in Utopia. One thing I am certain of. It is that these drawings are from my own hand, and that they were designed, each of them, in a comparatively short space of time, some being completed in less than a couple of hours. I shall not offer any explanation concerning their origin, but as regards the bare question of the fact of my having done them under the influence of some occult power, no possible doubt can exist in my mind."

M. SARDOU'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

The figure at the back is M. Ange Galdemar, who has novelized "Robespierre."

It has already been pointed out that the medianimic sketches reproduced here were designed by the French dramatist a considerable number of years ago, when he was totally ignorant of the very rudiments of drawing. Since that time, M. Sardou has occasionally done some amateur work in black and white, the latest specimen of which is the design on the cover of the novelized edition of his play. The sketch representing the Incorruptible's last tragic stand in the Convention Hall was specially drawn by the popular playwright as a token of his long-standing friendship for M. Ange Galdemar, the brilliant author of the historical romance adapted from the play.

Sardou had for some time been trying to illustrate a few of the most remarkable and picturesque incidents described in the book. His first intention was to make a sketch of Robespierre in private life; to depict the Incorruptible either taking part in a family gathering at the Duplays' or bidding farewell to his supposed mistress, Cornelia, on the morning of the Feast of the Supreme Being. He decided, however, after some hesitation, to show him, as in the present design, vainly struggling in the tribune at the Convention to save his head from the guillotine.

It is curious to note that this taste for drawing and sketching developed itself in the author of "Robespierre" almost simultaneously with his taste for play-writing. This is, however, but natural; for in order to be as minutely accurate as he is well known to be in the reconstruction of

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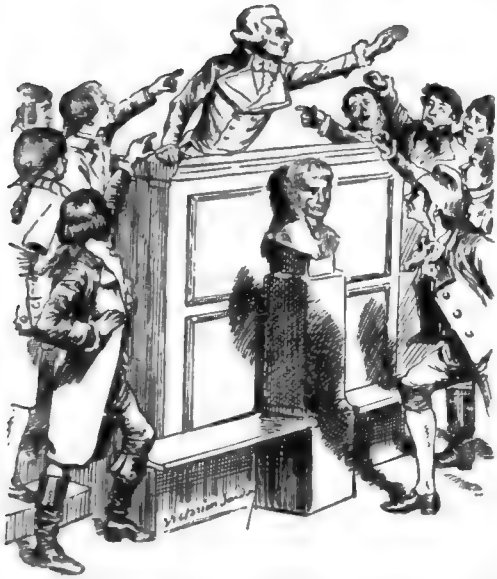


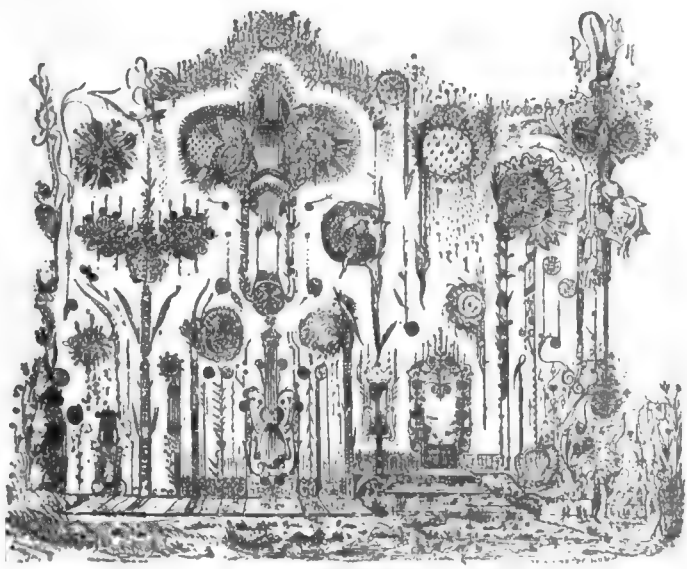
This well-executed drawing by the great dramatist shows Robespierre vainly struggling in the tribune to save his head from the guillotine.

historical scenes, he had many a time to make sketches, in the first instance, of the tableaux that were to be reproduced afterward on the stage. One of the finest specimens of these is to be seen in the famous Coquelin's private box at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, Paris. It represents a scene from "La Haine," whose plot is laid in mediæval Italy, at the time of the sanguinary conflict between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

Again, for the purpose of conveying in a precise manner the directions concerning the mounting of his plays, M. Sardou very often delineates roughly on his manuscript the topography of the scenery, and the place to be assigned to each personage respectively, on the stage boards. Thus the accompanying autograph, taken from the scenario of "Robespierre," is meant to indicate how the furniture in the Duplays' drawing-room had to be arranged on the boards of the theatre during the cross-examination scene between the Incorruptible and his son. M. Sardou sent also to Sir Henry Irving a diagram specially prepared by himself, showing the various evolutions of the gliding ghosts in the famous hallucination scene of the same play.

While collaborating with his friend, M. Ange Galdemar, in the novelization of "Robespierre," the great dramatist once more betrayed his love for designing in a most unexpected and delightful manner. After unfolding to the novelist, with his characteristic picturesqueness, the plot of the play, M. Sardou would sit by his collaborator's side, and make some rapid and curiously effective sketches of the different scenes and places connected with the story of "Robespierre." He would sometimes, in a few pencil strokes, draw either the Conciergerie Prison as it stood during the Terror, or Clarisse's apartment in the Rue du Martroy, or the guillotine erected with the hideous cross-bars on the Place de la Révolution.

M. Sardou's versatility is truly wonderful!



"THE HOUSE OF MOZART" IN THE PLANET JUPITER.
A typical example of M. Sardou's medianimic sketches.

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THE HEADS OF OUR COLLEGES

(*Continued*)

JOSEPH SWAIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

W. F. McDOWELL, S.T.D., CHANCELLOR UNIV. OF DENVER

G. T. WINSTON, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

AMOS N. CURRIER, PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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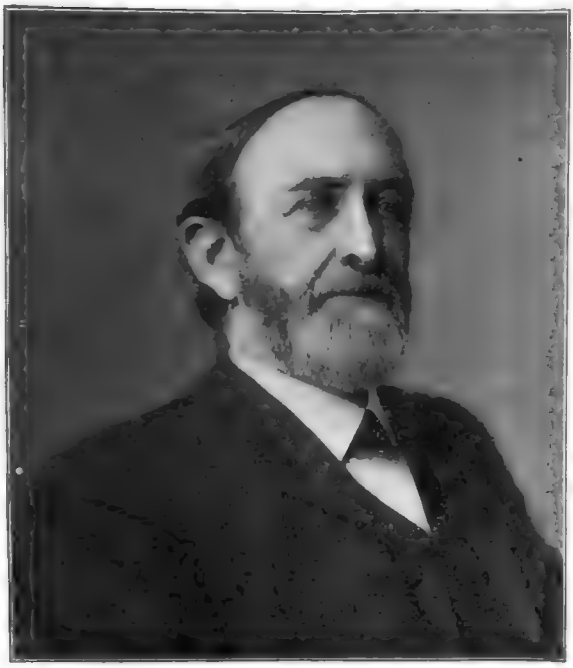
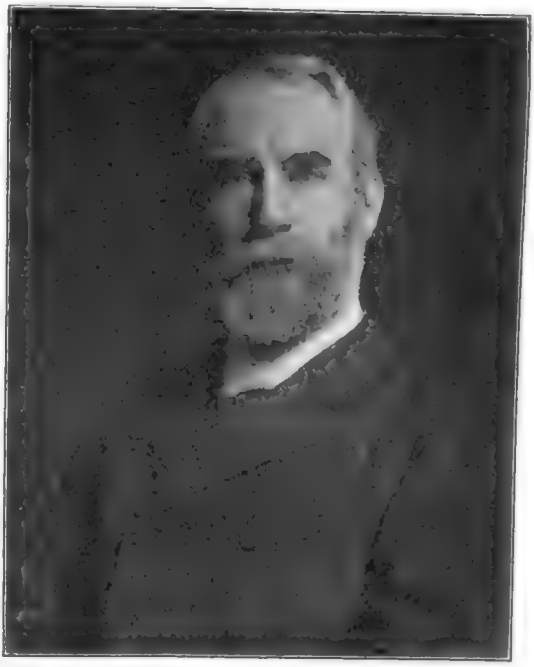


REV. JOHN BRADEN, D.D., PRESIDENT CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE.

Number of students, 536.



REV. SYLVESTER F. SCOVEL, PRES. UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER.

Number of students, 767. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Wooster-rr!"

WM. F. KING, D.D., LL.D., PRES. CORNELL COLLEGE, IOWA.

Number of students, 571. College cheer: "Zip-siss-boom, Cah-Cah-nell, C-C-Tiger-la, Zip-siss-hurrah!"

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, D.C.L., UNIV. OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Number of students, 670. College cheer: "Rah! Rah! Rah!!! White and Blue! Vive-la! Vive-la! N. C. U.!"

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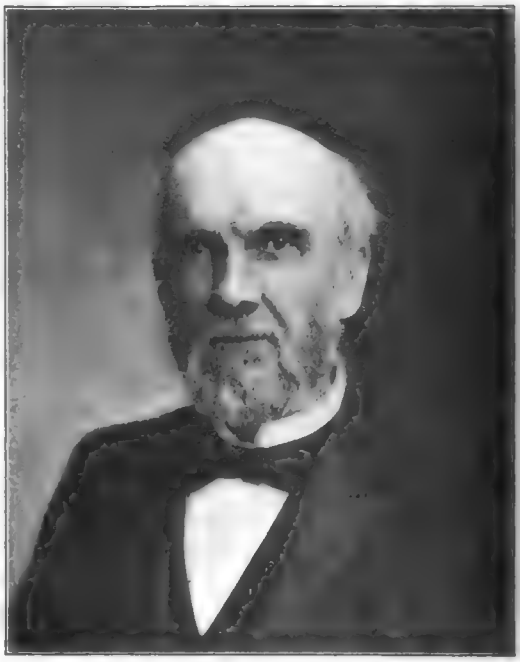
JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D.D., PRESIDENT LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

Number of students, 1,393.



WM. P. JOHNSTON, LL.D., PRESIDENT TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Number of students, 856. College cheer: "Rah! Rah! Sis Boom Ah! Rah! Rah! Tulane!"

REV. O. OLSSON, D.D., PH.D., PRES. AUGUSTANA COLLEGE, ILL.

Number of students, 512.

WM. G. FROST, PH.D., D.D., PRESIDENT BEREA COLLEGE, KY.

Number of students, 674.

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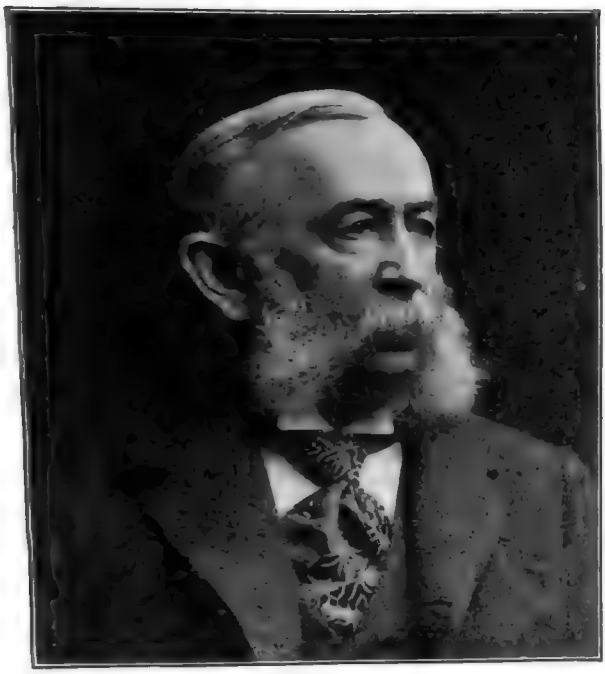

DANIEL C. GILMAN, LL.D., PRESIDENT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIV.

Number of students, 641. College cheer: "Hullaballoo, Kanuck, Kanuck! Hullaballoo, Kanuck, Kanuck! Hoorah! Hoorah! J. H. U.!"

J. W. BASHFORD, PH.D., D.D., PRES. OHIO WESLEYAN UNIV.

Number of students, 1,350. College cheer: "O-wee-wi-wow! Ala-ka-zu-ki-zow! Ra-zi-zi-zow! Viva! Viva! O. W. U.!"

J. H. CANFIELD, LL.D., PRESIDENT OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Number of students, 1,150. College cheer: "Wa-hoo, Wa-hoo, Rip, Zip, Bay-Zoo, I yell, I yell, for O. S. U.!"

W. H. PAYNE, LL.D., PH.D., PRESIDENT UNIV. OF NASHVILLE.

Number of students, 1,420. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! U. N., U. N.! Rah, rah, rah!"

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THE EXPRESSION OF THE ATHLETE.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE ATHLETE.

THE complicated feature play of man is never more interesting to study than when he is engaged in violent forms of exercise. The faces of the runners shown in the accompanying illustration at the moment of supreme effort show the expression of men in the extremity of fear, hatred, or physical suffering. Such contortion is partially due to the overflow of nerve force, which, not being able to further increase the speed of the body, acts on the muscles of the face. The complex look of fear and anger must be traced back to a period before historic times, when such violent activity in man was usually associated with the effort to overtake or to escape an enemy. The great obstinacy with which these and similar gestures have survived has been noted by almost every student of the expression of emotion.

A COLLEGE LOCOMOTIVE.

The extraordinary ignorance which the majority of people display in connection with the locomotive, which plays so important a part in their lives, has led the Faculty of Purdue University, Indiana, to arrange that special instruction shall be given to the students in relation to this subject.

A full-sized locomotive now forms a part of the college equipment.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting the monster machine to the building erected for its reception. For a distance of one and a quarter miles it had to be taken across pasture and arable land, a special track being laid down for the purpose. This track has been allowed to remain permanently, so that the practice as well as the theory of engine-driving may be properly demonstrated, and in the event of any repairs becoming necessary, the engine can thus be shunted on to the neighboring railroad and taken to the nearest repair shop on the line.

As the accompanying photograph shows, it rests when stationary in its shed upon revolving disks which take the place of rails. The monster may thus be put in operation and the wheels revolve at a speed which would ordinarily carry it along at the rate of sixty miles an hour without advancing an inch.

Besides enabling the students to learn all about locomotive engineering, the monster in Purdue University is used for the making of tests that are of the utmost importance to the world of science. Thus the students have made speed trials, carefully noting the result, and compiling a most interesting mass of statistics for the

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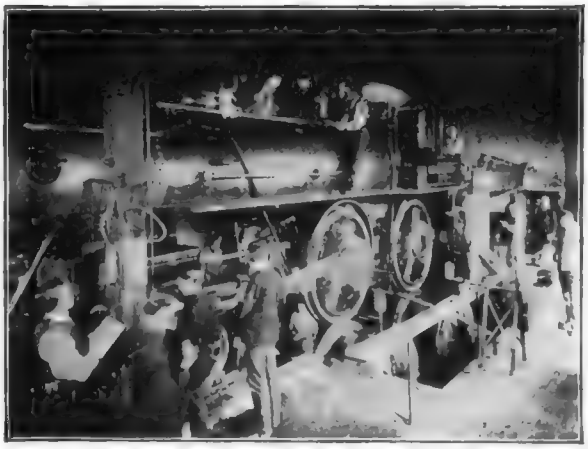
college records. In addition to these tests a careful study has been made of the counterbalance problem. In the course of the latter work, the fact that an engine, through the action of its counterbalance, will, under certain conditions, actually leave the track, was demonstrated by passing a wire under the moving wheels; wires thus placed when the engine was running at high speed came out with a portion of their length untouched.

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR INDOORS.

A BEAVER FELLING TREES.

The beavers are the most skilful builders and the cleverest engineers of the animal world. We publish an extraordinary photograph of a beaver engaged in felling one of the big pines of Vancouver's Island. An incredible number of logs are required by these animals in building their dams, which sometimes measure 300 yards in length, being ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom, and for height varying according to the depth of the water in which they are constructed. In proximity to the dams are to be found the beaver-houses, also composed chiefly of the branches of trees knit together with moss and mud. They are usually circular, measuring about seven feet in diameter and three in height. The bark of the logs thus used forms the beavers' staple food. Their jaws are of extraordinary strength, and their teeth so sharp that Dr. Wood relates how one of these animals would take an apple in its forepaws, and sit up on its hind feet, and, by merely pressing the apple against its lower incisors and manipulating it dexterously, would peel it as readily as if the operation had been performed by human hands by means of a knife.



STUDENTS LEARNING HOW TO RUN AN ENGINE.

A BEAVER FELLING TIMBER.

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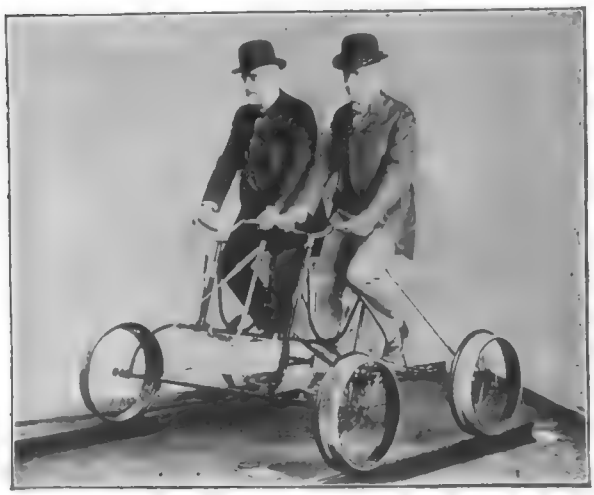
THE RAILROAD WHEEL.

BICYCLE ADAPTED FOR RAILROAD RIDING.



A RAILROAD SOCIABLE.

THE RAILROAD WHEEL.

It would be possible for a man who had the necessary permission to cycle from New York to San Francisco upon the tracks laid down for the trains. The different types of machines manufactured for railroad riding are shown in the accompanying illustrations. Some, as will be seen, have four flanged wheels, but the kind that is most in favor is an adaptation of the ordinary safety bicycle—a small guide-wheel being attached by means of a light arm that is capable of being adjusted according to the gauge of the line upon which it is to be operated.

The tires are made of corrugated rubber, which affords an excellent grip on the rails, even when the latter are wet, and thus the machine moves noiselessly, and, weighing less than sixty pounds, is capable of attaining a very high rate of speed.

The value of these machines to inspectors of the road and to the foremen of the section gangs is obvious, while they will doubtless prove of no small service in the event of railroad accidents or any casualty in the neighborhood of a station.

In California, as in other parts of the country, many people habitually ride their ordinary machines along the railroad tracks, which sometimes form the most direct if not the only accessible means of communication between two points. However, it is sometimes far from easy to carry a bicycle over the trestle bridges that occasionally intervene, whereas a machine with flanged wheels would make the same route one perfectly easy to cover to any one familiar with the scheduled times of the trains.

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THE BIGGEST VINE IN THE WORLD.

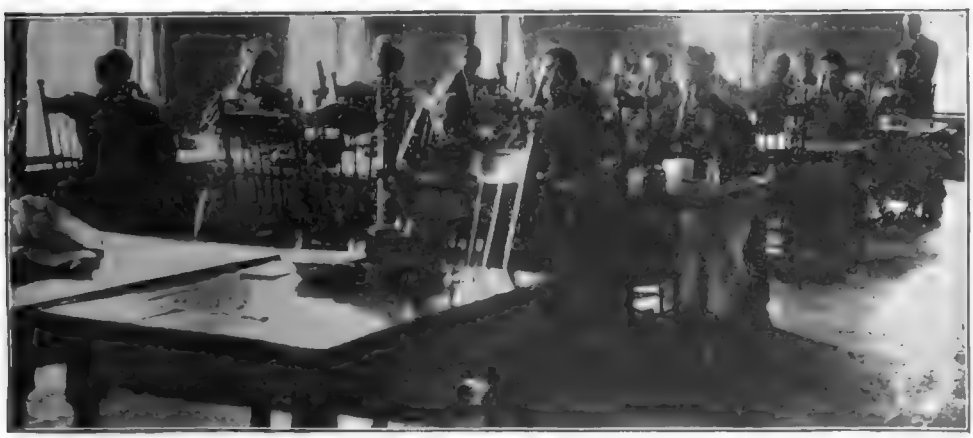
THE BIGGEST VINE.

On a ranch in the El Montecito Valley, a few miles from Santa Barbara, California, grows "La Parra Grande," the largest vine in the world. It is fifty years old. The trunk measures seventy-four inches in circumference in the largest part, and fifty-seven inches in the smallest. It has borne by actual weight four and a half tons of grapes in a single season, and its branches cover a trellis one hundred feet square.

WOMEN MICROSCOPISTS.

In Kansas City half a hundred women under Miss Mary Henry are employed by the government in the work of inspecting specimens of the meat sent abroad by the large packing houses. They sit six hours daily at small tables, equipped with handsome microscopes and accessories, finger bowls and an abundance of clean towels. So trying is the nature of the task that frequent intervals of ten minutes rest are needed, and it is doubtful whether men would have the perseverance necessary for the work.

The three samples taken from each hog, the only animal examined, are from the shoulder, loin, and diaphragm (which together are called a specimen), and are always from lean or muscle fibre, since the *trichinæ spiralis*, the parasites searched for, are seldom found in adipose tissue. Curved scissors are used to clip the meat into particles not larger than peas, which are minced very fine, slightly moistened, and then placed between two glass plates. After passing through a press the specimen is ready to mount. The specimens are furnished in small tin cases, like pill boxes, with tag and number therein, corresponding with the tag and number of the carcasses from which they are cut. Thus each packing house knows which carcasses are condemned, and the records are carefully preserved at Washington, in case any complaint should come from abroad on reinspection.



THE WOMEN MICROSCOPISTS OF KANSAS.

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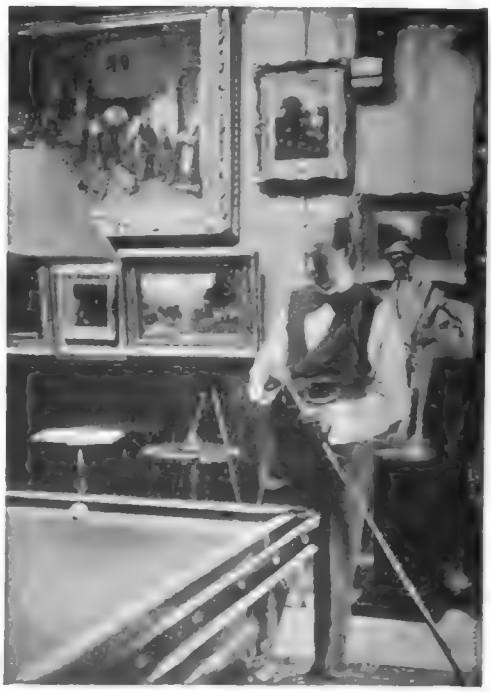
SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Ah! Here you are. Nothing like being punctual. Come inside.



My favourite amusements! Well, I don't get over much leisure, but a game of billiards after dinner is always enjoyable.

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Now we'll go round the garden.

A rather unique summer-house. It has proved a most delightful idea.

That's an odontoglossum album. Not particularly rare, as you know, but one of my favourite orchids.

Oh, yes! I'm a victim to the bicycling craze. And why not? It's an excellent amusement.

I've got golf fever, too, rather badly, indeed I've laid out a golf course on my grounds.

Bowls is more sedate, eh! But you can get a wonderful amount of enjoyment out of it, all the same, let me tell you.

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But horses are my great hobby, especially good trotters.

The near-side one is the finest trotting mare in England, so it is said.

Now I must be off to the city. Hope the photos will come out all right. Good-day to you.

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Photo by Hana.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

For some considerable time the stereoscope has been, comparatively speaking, neglected. In days that were it was a popular toy, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to write, apparatus. Heavy, box shaped, and incapable of proper focusing, it nevertheless afforded considerable amusement and pleasure. All manner of elaborate slides were obtainable, at a price, from the ordinary silver print to transparencies worked up into really wonderful effects by colored backings.

Gradually, however, the stereoscope lost its hold. It was expensive, perhaps; or the slides were badly selected; or, which is a more probable reason, a difficulty was found in obtaining a proper effect, owing to the inability to focus.

Yet the stereoscope has by no means vanished from our midst. On the contrary, it gives abundant signs of being about to reassert itself with renewed vigor. Nor is this to be regretted, for in no way can the work of a camera appeal more powerfully to the average individual than by means of the stereoscope.

Two reasons may assuredly be offered for the resurrection of one of the most charming toys one could wish to possess. In the first place, the old, cumbrous, and expensive instrument has been superseded by a light and inexpensive toy that is not merely equally effective, but actually is a far more satisfactory instrument. The other reason, I venture to suggest, is that the slides are far better. The subjects are chosen with greater judgment and from a vastly wider range, and the prints are, on the whole, more carefully finished.

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The examination of an ordinary amateur's photograph album is generally a tedious affair, but when an inexpensive twin-lens hand camera for taking stereoscopic slides appears on the market—and this is likely to happen any day—then the amateur will have within his reach abundant possibilities for providing his friends with limitless amusement.

THE CAMERA IN ASTRONOMY.

The use of photography in connection with astronomy is within the knowledge of every one. Anything connected with the study of the vast mystery of the starry realms about us is of endless interest, even to those who have neither the time nor the mind to give much attention to so overwhelming a subject as "star-gazing."

The work done by the camera in connection with astronomy is every hour increasing in importance. The most delicate—almost, one might say, the most vital—portion of the equipment of any of the eclipse expeditions has been the photographic apparatus. Through it all the wonders of the sun's corona, of the mighty flame columns, and other extraordinary phenomena, have been reproduced with accuracy which we dub "mechanical."

Photography of the heavens has, however, achieved something more than this, for, strange as it may appear to some of the uninitiated, the eye of the camera has been able to observe and record that which the eye of mankind has so far failed to see, even through the most powerful telescopes in existence. Many celestial bodies, utterly invisible to the human eye, even when aided by the finest and most effective instruments yet made, have with the greatest facility been impressed upon sensitized plates with varying exposures, according to the circumstances of each particular case.

THE X-RAY.

The vagaries of a bullet which has entered a man's body are many and wonderful; indeed, it has taken the X-rays to prove how many and how wonderful. In times when the location of a bullet was a matter of little else than guesswork and a probe, many a limb has been amputated without necessity. Nowadays it is no longer thus.

One almost immediate effect of a bullet wound is rapid swelling, and more often than not the surgeon has to wait until the swelling has subsided before he can attempt to locate the bullet.

Major Beevor, during the recent operations of the Indian frontier, made most excellent use of the X-rays, and in some cases achieved almost startling results.

In one case a bullet had flattened itself against the thigh-bone, and rebounded to within half an inch of the surface. The swelling was rapid, and so great that probing would have been impossible, and under ordinary circumstances amputation would have been resorted to. Yet the X-rays at once disclosed the locality of the bullet, and the limb was saved.

Another case owes its interest largely to the fact that the native soldiers wear leather overcoats, the skins of which are very imperfectly cured. In this instance a man wearing a coat was shot, the bullet carrying into the wound some of the skin and fur. Within a few hours there was violent swelling and blood poisoning. Yet with the X-rays the bullet, the leather, and the fur were located, and the man recovered.

The most extraordinary case of all, perhaps, that came within the work of Major Beevor's photography was that of a young officer who was shot in the chest as he was turning sideways to speak to a companion. The edge of the breastbone acted like a knife, and cut the bullet into two pieces, one of which was easily located and removed. The other was only found after considerable use of the X-rays, which revealed it as jammed between two ribs some considerable distance from the point of entry.

Such a wound in the old days would probably have meant death. Truly, with the X-rays has come the romance of photography.

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Photo by T. Lee Syms.

CUPBOARD LOVE.

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THE INVENTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The average individual, and, indeed, one might go further and say the average photographer, is apt to regard Niepce and Daguerre as the true inventors and founders of photography. Such an idea is, to a large extent, fallacious, and, as it happens, does considerable injustice to an Englishman.

In Chalons there resided two brothers, Nicephore and Claude Niepce, of whom the first-named may be regarded as the inventor of photography generally. In 1813 Claude left his native place, and settled down in England at Kew. Meanwhile, the other brother continued his researches, and ultimately entered into partnership with Daguerre, a partnership which lasted for five years.

The two men were curiously unlike. Niepce was essentially a student, strangely jealous of the discoveries which he made, modest and retiring. Daguerre, on the other hand, was essentially a man of business, who, lacking the inventive talent of his colleague, nevertheless pushed himself sufficiently to attain an infinitely wider reputation.

Photo by Lafayette.

A MAID OF ROME.

The daguerreotype, as invented by Daguerre and improved upon by Fizeau, and brought to still greater perfection by Goddard, attained considerable commercial success during the ten years prior to 1850.

Had photography, however, continued on the lines laid down by Daguerre, its scope would have been exceedingly limited. Wide departure had to be taken, and it is to an Englishman, Henry Fox Talbot, that we owe all the marvels attained by the modern camera. Talbot was born in 1800, and received his education at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1821. The Talbots came of an ancient lineage, and the mother of the future discoverer of photography was a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. After leaving Cambridge, Talbot sat in the House of Commons for some two years. Politics, however, had no fascination for him, and he settled down to a private life, in which he could devote himself to scientific pursuits.

As often is the case in the history of great inventors, pure chance turned Talbot's attention towards photography. He happened to be travelling in Italy, and it was whilst sketching with a camera ob-

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Photo by W. and D. Downey.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

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scura that he conceived the idea of permanently fixing the images produced by the camera. On his return to England, he set to work to try and solve the problem, and, some two years later, succeeded in obtaining some practicable results.

Needless to say, the process evolved by Talbot was a long and tedious one, though a simple one. Lacock Abbey, the home of the Talbots, in Wiltshire, possesses the unique distinction of being the first subject of which a photograph was taken by the camera. The time required for the exposure was one hour!

In 1839, Fox Talbot submitted the results of his experiments to the Royal Society, Daguerre publishing his process six months later. Five years later, Talbot had made a distinct advance in his process, or, rather, he had further perfected his process, which he patented as the "Calotype."

The difference between the photographic methods of to-day and 1841 is, of course, gigantic; but, as has been repeatedly illustrated in the history of the world's greatest discoveries, when once the minds of men have been put on the right road, improvement is swift and sure. Daguerre was not on the right road, and, as I have said, his process could never have become universal in its employment.

To Fox Talbot the credit is due for the original conception of photography of the negative and positive; and this may be safely asserted without detracting in the least from the magnificent work done by various individuals since Talbot's day. They deserve credit for much that was new and original, yet what they did was, after all, but to branch off from the main road, at the head of which stands Fox Talbot.

REVELATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The true nature of the light of a glow-worm is still to a great extent a mystery. It is said by some that the rays are similar to the Röntgen rays. In partial support of this, there is an account given of an experiment with several hundred of these creatures. They were placed before photographic plates, screened from the light by several thicknesses of black paper, together with plates of brass, copper, and aluminum. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a dark room from which all foreign light was excluded. On developing the plate it was found to be blackened, except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glow-worm would appear, therefore, to penetrate metal and incite luminosity in cardboard.

Photo by Slater.

TWO PETS IN A PRAM.

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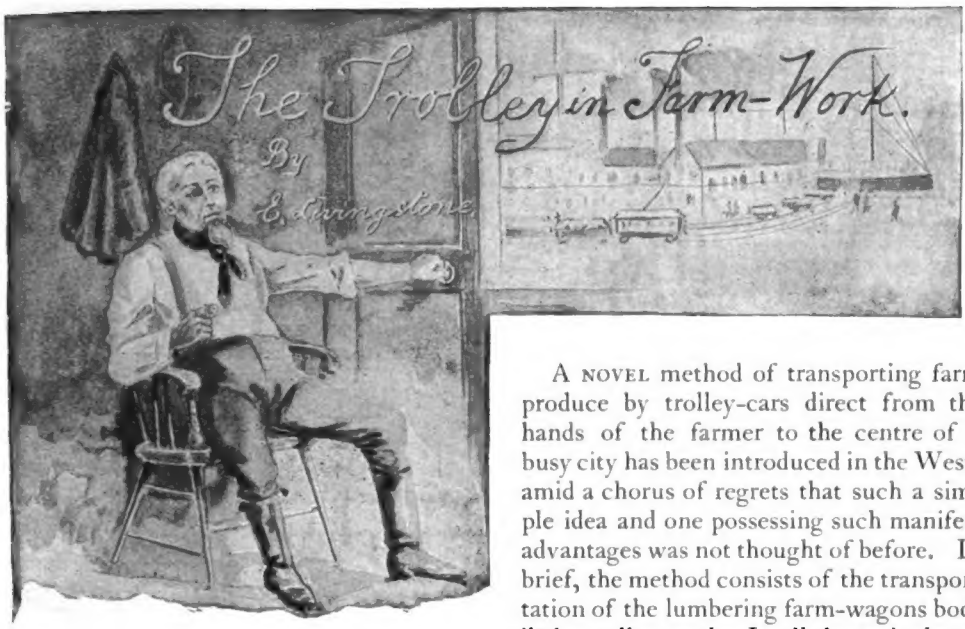
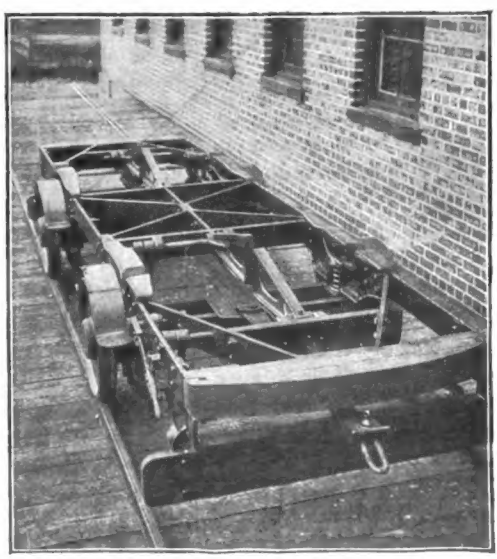


A NOVEL method of transporting farm produce by trolley-cars direct from the hands of the farmer to the centre of a busy city has been introduced in the West, amid a chorus of regrets that such a simple idea and one possessing such manifest advantages was not thought of before. In brief, the method consists of the transportation of the lumbering farm-wagons bodily by trolley-road. In all the agricultural sections of the country electric roads are in operation and have been for a long time, but not until now has it occurred to any one that these roads could be utilized for other purposes than the transportation of suburban residents to and from the cities, in a manner that will lead to immense gain and profit both to the farmers and to the railroad companies. Nothing more was needed than a trolley conveyance of such a nature that it would no longer be necessary for the farm produce to be loaded on a wagon in the fields and then unloaded again on the trolley-train when the highway was reached. The solution of this problem was very simple; it took the form of a truck that would carry the loaded wagon, just as the wagon carried the produce.

Such a truck can be seen in daily use at Toledo, O., into which enterprising city there run every day several trains of farm-wagons from the outlying districts. These wagons are run to one large distributing centre in the city, thereby bringing the farm produce direct from the farm to the consumer's hands in a remarkably short time, and vastly adding to the profits of the farmer's business by the ease and rapidity with which his goods are marketed.

The system was the invention of Col. Joseph C. Bonner, of Toledo, O. The truck on which the farm-wagons are mounted consists of a steel frame, strongly built and well braced, mounted on four street-car wheels. The axles of the farm-wagon are received into a socket, where movable grips or dogs grasp them firmly and hold them in place on the car. At the transfer points inclined planes and ele-



THE TROLLEY-CAR ON WHICH FARM-WAGONS ARE CARRIED.

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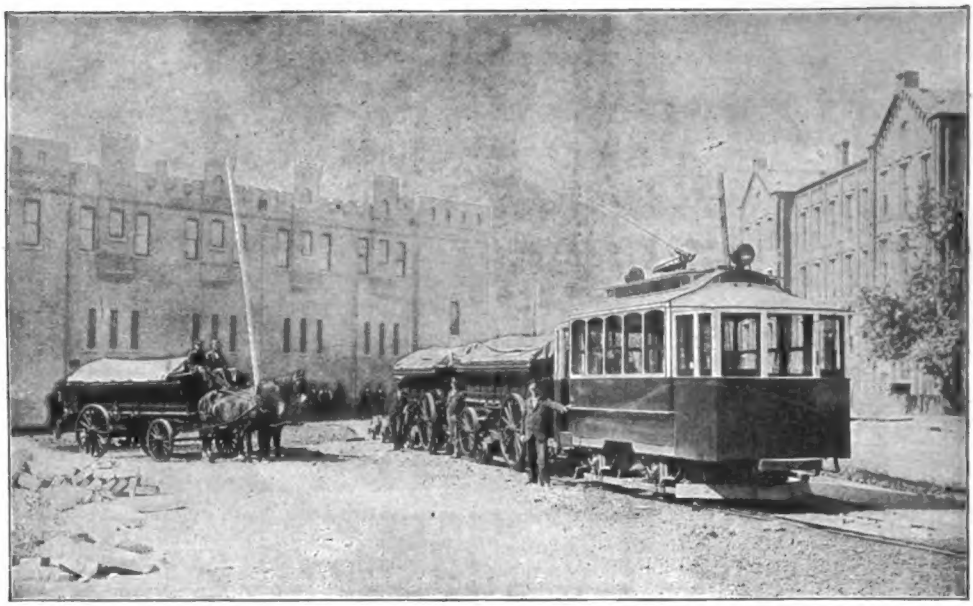

SHOWING THE LATEST METHOD OF CARRYING FARM PRODUCE TO MARKET.

vated rails are placed alongside the car tracks, so as to raise the wagon above the roadway sufficiently to allow the truck to be run under it and the axles to be secured by the grips. Once the wagon is safely lifted on the truck it is whirled away at railroad speed in the direction of the city. Along the route other wagons are picked up in the same way, a regular system of collection being in vogue at Toledo, and by the time the train arrives at the city several wagons are linked together, and the trolley is carrying so much produce to market as to make the poor farm-horse flee to the mountains and hide his head with mortification.

Whoever has seen the great farm-wagons slowly meandering through the country roads toward the city will understand what an immense advantage this system of collecting them and transporting them swiftly by electric power is over the old slow style of horse transportation. Nor is the system limited to farm produce in Toledo. Every morning a trolley wagon calls at the principal hotels in the city and collects the laundry, and in due time delivers it again. Store-keepers make use of the trucks to despatch heavy loads to destinations that are sufficiently near the trolley tracks to make it an advantage to send them by this means, and freight of all kinds is thus delivered.

One day recently, when the weather was very bad and the roads almost impassable for ordinary wagons, the trolley load of one train that reached the city included 87 sacks of clover seed and two wagon-loads of basswood lumber.

The farmers sending this shipment lived 15 miles from Toledo, and stated that, with the roads in the condition they were then in, the seed would have made at least three ordinary wagon loads and the lumber six ordinary wagon loads. This would have been equivalent to 270 miles' travel for one driver and two horses. With the trolley service the haulage was accomplished in one hour, at a cost of $6 per wagon, from the shipping point to the delivery point. Indeed, the merits of this new system are so obvious that it can only be a short time before it is introduced generally throughout the country, and by no means its least pleasing feature is the fact that the country roads will then be saved from the heavy traffic which in bad weather contributes chiefly to their wear and tear.

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POPULAR BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the summer season, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHERS
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.00).
A Double Thread,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
From Sea to Sea (2 vols.),	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $2.00).
The Cruise of the Cachalot,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
No. 5 John Street,	R. Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Aylwin,	Watts-Dunton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
The Day's Work,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
The Short Line War,	Merwin-Webster	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Strong Hearts,	Geo. W. Cable	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
An Incident and Other Happenings,	Sarah Barnwell Elliott	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The River Syndicate,	Chas. E. Carryl	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Cromwell's Own,	Arthur Patterson	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Snow on the Headlight,	Cy Warman	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.25).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Fowler,	Beatrice Harraden	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Slave of the Lamp,	Henry Seton Merriman	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Garden of Swords,	Max Pemberton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Enchanted India,	Prince Karageorgevitch	(Harper & Bros., $1.75).
A Triple Entanglement,	Mrs. Burton Harrison	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.25).

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHERS
A Daughter of the Vine,	Gertrude Atherton	(John Lane, $1.50).
Young Lives,	Richard C. Gallienne	(John Lane, $1.50).
A Dash for a Throne,	A. W. Marchmont	(New Amsterdam Book Co., $1.25).
The Strong Arm,	Robert Barr	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., 90 cents).
Queer Luck,	David A. Curtis	(Brentano's, 75 cents).
The War with Spain,	Henry Cabot Lodge	(Harper & Bros., $2.50).
Yale: Her Campus, Classrooms, and Athletics,	Walter Camp and L. S. Welch	(L. C. Page & Co., $2.50).
Memoirs of Sergeant Burgoyne,	Compiled by Paul Cottin	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,	Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $3.50).
Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett		(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
James Russell Lowell and His Friends,	Edited by Edward Everett Hale	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $3.00).
Dreyfus—Letters Written to His Wife		(Harper & Bros., $1.00).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
First Book of Birds,	Olive Thorne Miller	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.00).
Guide to the Wild Flowers,	Alice Lounsberry	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
Rough Riders,	Theodore Roosevelt	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
"1812"—Napoleon I. in Russia,	Vassili Verestchagin	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.75).
A Short History of the United States,	Justin H. McCarthy	(Herbert S. Stone & Co., $1.50).
United States of Europe,	Wm. T. Stead,	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $2.00).

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